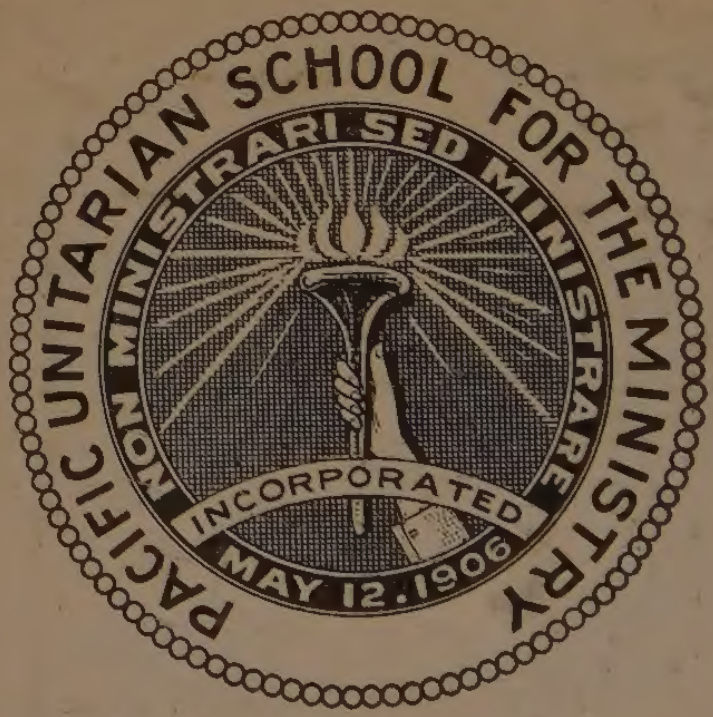

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THE GIFT OF

CHARLES WILLIAM WENDTE

OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE

BERWICK HYMNAL.

EDITED BY THE

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PREFACE.

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This hymn-book has been prepared solely for the use of my own congregation. It includes therefore no hymns for children, for whose use another book has already been compiled.

HYMNS.

1 *Sunday.* 8.6.8.4.

m HAIL, sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
p Hail, day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.

A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

m No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

f I hear the organ loudly peal,
And soaring voices raise
To Thee, their great Creator, hymns
Of deathless praise.

p All earthly things appear to fade,
m As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

f For those who sing with saints below
Glad songs of heavenly love,
Shall sing, when songs on earth have ceased,
With saints above.

Accept, O God, my hymn of praise
That Thou this day hast given,
m Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

G. Thring.

2 *Sunday Morning.* S.M.

m This is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
cr O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

p This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
cr Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
dim The waves of strife be still.

p This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near ;
cr Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there
Come down to meet us here.

f This is the first of days :
Send forth thy quickening Breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death.

J. Ellerton.

3 *Morning Hymn.* L.M.

f AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

m Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the Light divine,
Let thine own light in good works shine ;
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
or That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

ff Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Angels and Saints his name adore !
With praise and joy for evermore.

Bishop Ken.

4 *Morning.* 10.6.

m For the dear love that kept us through the night,
And gave our senses to sleep's gentle sway,—
For the new miracle of dawning light
Flushing the east with prophecies of day,
f We thank Thee, O our God !

m For the fresh life that through our being flows
With its full tide to strengthen and to bless—
For calm sweet thoughts, upspringing from repose,
f To bear to Thee their song of thankfulness,
We praise Thee, O our God !

Day uttereth speech to day, and night to
night
m Tells of thy power and glory. So would we,
Thy children, duly, with the morning light,
Or at still eve, upon the bended knee
Adore Thee, O our God!

Thou know'st our needs, thy fulness will
supply,
Our blindness,—let thy hand still lead us on,
Till, visited by the dayspring from on high,
Our prayer, one only, 'Let thy will be done!'
We breathe to Thee, O God!

W. H. Burleigh.

5 *Morning Hymn.* L.M.

m Lord God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for thy gift of light:
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,
A thousand-fold to serve Thee more.

p Yet whilst thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

m O Lord of lights, 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts thine own:
Though this new day with joy we see,
O dawn of God, we cry for Thee.

ff Praise God, our maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song his name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore!

F. T. Palgrave.

6 *Morning.* L.M.

m O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise,
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

f Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

p Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
cr But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

m Yet, Lord, to thy dear Will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in thine Angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to thy Name.

cr A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
f And songs of Angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. Ellerton.

9 *At Eventide.* 8.6.

m O Shadow in a sultry land!
We gather to thy breast,
Whose love, enfolding us like night,
Brings quietude and rest;
r Glimpse of a fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed.

p From all our wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro,
From tossing on life's restless deep
Amid its ebb and flow;
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know.

That which the garish day has lost
The twilight vigil brings;
While softlier the vesper bell
Its silver cadence rings,—
The sense of an immortal trust,
The touch of angel wings.

Drop down behind the solemn hills,
O day with golden skies!
Serene, above its fading glow,
Night, starry-crowned, arise!
So beautiful may heaven be
When life's last sunbeam dies!

Caroline M. Packard.

10 *Evening.* 10s.

m O LORD, who by thy presence hast made light
The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
p Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades away.

m As Thou hast given me strength upon the way,
So deign at evening to become my Guest;
As Thou hast shared the labours of the day,
So also deign to share and bless my rest.

p How sad and cold, if Thou be absent, Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead!
m But, if thy presence grace my humble board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed.

Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet repose,
p The calm of evening settles on my breast;
If Thou be with me when my labours close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.

m Come, then, O Lord, and deign to be my Guest,
After the day's confusion, toil, and din;
O come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin!

p Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart
Left in my bosom from the day just past,
m And let me, on a Father's loving heart,
Forget my griefs, and find sweet rest at last!

C. J. P. Spitta, tr. R. Massie.

11 *Evening Hymn.* 8s.

m O FATHER! bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
cr And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
p Through life's long day and death's dark night,
cr Father of spirits! be our light.

p The day is done: its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
cr Father of spirits! be our light.

m Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
p Through life's long day and death's dark night,
cr Father of spirits! be our light.

m For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad!
Thou art our God, Thou art our all!
p Through life's long day and death's dark night,
cr Father of spirits! be our light.

F. W. Faber.

12 *Evening.* 6.5.

p Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

m Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
p With thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

m Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

p Through the long night watches
May thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

cr When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy Holy Eyes.

S. Baring Gould.

13 *Evening Prayer.* 7s.

m Now that Day its wings has furled
And the earth has gone to rest;
p Take me, Shepherd of the world,
dim Home to sleep upon thy breast.

p All the night from dream to dream,
Keep my spirit pure and bright;
cr Fill the darkness with the stream
Of thine everlasting light.

m If I waken, calm and fair
Be the thoughts that in me rise;
And thy presence in the air
Make my heart a Paradise.

But if trouble in my heart,
Or fierce pain me restless keep,
p Then to me thy peace impart;
cr Give to thy beloved sleep.

m So when morning with his wing
Wakens me to work and play,
cr I may rise with joy and sing—
f 'God has turned my night to day.'

S. A. Brooke.

14 *Evening* 8.7.

p Now on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound;
m Let our vesper-hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
p Soon as dies the sunset glory,
n Stars of heaven shine out above,
f Telling still the ancient story—
Their Creator's changeless love.

p Now our wants and burdens leaving
m To his care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving,
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
f Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious
Shining in the spirit's skies.

S. Longfellow.

15 *Evening Hymn.* 7.7.7.7.3.

m Holy Father, who this day
Hast vouchsafed to guide our way,
p Be Thou near to soothe and bless,
cr Cheering night's dark loneliness
f With thy light.

m In our hearts bid tumult cease;
Fill our minds with heavenly peace;
Breathe thy calm o'er earthly strife;
p Troubled ones in this stern life
cr Lead aright,

p Send thy comfort from on high,
Blessing those in pain who lie;
Whisper to them words of love—
How for aye in realms above
pp They shall rest.

p Those, now far from home in sin,
Bring, O Father, safely in;
Lead their trembling steps to Thee;
cr With thy dear ones may they be
f Ever blest.

m Hush complaints; bend every will
Ne'er to doubt, but trust Thee still;
p On the path now overcast
With dark clouds and shadows vast
cr Send thy peace.

p We are blind, and see not why
Grief is sent and troubles try;
From too heavy weight of care,
Gloom, and darkness of despair,
cr Grant release.

m Steer us onward to that shore
Where all pain and grief are o'er;
Guard in tempest our frail bark,
dim Guide it through the gathering dark
To the light.

Edith Miles.

16 *Eventide.* 10s.

m Go down, great sun, into thy golden west,
The day is done, the hours of labour past;
The night's dark shadows deepen all around;
p The day is over; rest has come at last.

m And so our life to Eventide draws nigh,
Our days of change their course have almost run;
And soon the storms of winter will be past,
cr And then comes summer, and th' unsetting sun.

f And in that holier world of joy and peace,
Our sun shall rise upon a Land so blest,
That none in this poor world have words to tell
How great the joy of that pure Heavenly Rest.

But there the Light that never dies shines on
Undimmed, unclouded through th' eternal years!
And souls shall find, in that sweet Home of Love,
dim The Hand that wipes away the mourners' tears.

E. Husband.

17 *Evening Hymn.* 8.4.

m God that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine Angel-guard defend us,
p Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

m When we in the morn awaken,
Guide us thy way,
cr Keep our love and truth unshaken
In work and play;
m In our daily task be near us,
In temptation keep and hear us,
And with holy counsel cheer us,
The livelong day.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
dim And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
pp All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
cr Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
f But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

Bishop Heber and Archbishop Whately.

18 *Evening Hymn.* L.M.

f Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

p The moments that to waste have run,
The ills that I this day have done,
Forgive, that with myself and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake!

m Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the endless day.

ff Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Angels and Saints his name adore!
With praise and joy for evermore.

Bishop Ken.

19 *Evening.* 10.4.

m Father supreme! Thou high and holy one,
To Thee we bow;
Now, when the burden of the day is gone,
Devoutly, now.

When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
Thy smile was there;
Now, as the darkness gathers overhead,
We feel thy care.

Night spreads her shade upon another day
Forever past;
So o'er our faults, thy love, we humbly pray,
A veil may cast.

Silence and calm, o'er hearts by earth distrest,
Now sweetly steal;
So every fear that struggles in the heart
Shall faith conceal.

Thou, through the dark, wilt watch above our sleep
With eye of love;
And Thou wilt wake us, when the sunbeams leap
The hills above.

er From age to age unchanging, still the same
All-good Thou art;
m Hallowed for ever be thy holy name
In every heart.

Anon.

20 *Evening.* 8.7.

m Evensong is hushed in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh;
Strengthen us for work to-morrow,
God Almighty, God Most High.
Sinful men and sinful women,
Help us in the narrow way,
Till Thou bring us to thy city
Whence thy sons can never stray.
p We are weary of life-long toil,
Of sorrow, and pain, and sin;
f But there is a city with streets of gold,
p And all is peace within.

m When we enter that bright city,
What the vision we behold?
cr Gates of pearl and walls of jasper,
Streets of pure transparent gold.
m Are the many mansions empty?
Lone the terraces so fair?
cr Jesus and our brethren pace them;
How they long to see us there.
p We are weary, &c.

f There the dear ones who have left us
We shall some day meet again;
There will be no bitter partings,
No more sorrow, death, or pain.
m Evensong has closed in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh;
cr Lighten Thou our darkness, Father,
God Almighty, God Most High.
p We are weary, &c.

J. Purchas.

21 *Evening Prayer.* C.M.

m As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.

Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

We pray Thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray Thee, God of love.

We pray Thee for the little bark
Just launched upon life's sea;
Are not the depths of parents' love,
O Father, known to Thee?

We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay;
And, Father, Thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Anon.

22 *Vesper Hymn.* L.M.

m AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

p May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

m O God, our Light! to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell!

S. Longfellow.

23 *The gathering of the shadows.* 10s.

m ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, (*p*) O abide with me.

p Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
f O Thou who changest not, (*p*) abide with me.

m I need thy presence every passing hour;
cr What but thy grace can foil temptation's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
f Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, (*p*) abide with me.

f I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
cr Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

p Hold Thou the Cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee
f In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

H. F. Lyte.

24 *Evening.* 7.6.

m When evening shadows gather,
And twilight gently fades;
p When all is still and silent
In midnight's darker shades:
m Then, O my God, be near me,
Do Thou protect my bed;
From evil and from danger
Let angels guard my head.

p We know not, when we slumber,
That we shall e'er awake,
To see another day begin,
Another dawning break;
m But Thou art ever watching,
Thou wilt our vigils keep,
And, trusting in thy mercy,
p We sink in peaceful sleep.

m But, ere our eyelids closing,
We humbly seek thy Face,
And pray for thy forgiveness,
And thy sustaining grace:
p For we are weak and erring,
m And need thy mighty power;
O Father, ever guard us
In dark temptation's hour.

p We pray for those who languish
In sickness and distress,
That Thou wilt soothe their anguish,
And their afflictions bless:
m We pray for those in peril
Upon the mighty sea;
We pray for friends and loved ones:
Do Thou their Guardian be.

f And now to Thee we render
Our thanks for mercies past,
With grateful hearts imploring
Thy favour to the last.

m And at the great awakening
May we be found above,—
f With saints and angels praising
Thy providence and love.

J. F. Swift.

25 *Evening.* C.M.

m We thank Thee, Lord, for all the joys
And blessings of the light;
For rest and sleep, when softly fall
The shadows of the night;

For love, and home, and friends, and flowers,
And all things bright and fair,
cr But more for thine own Presence felt
About us everywhere.

m Not only in life's happier days
Would we thy goodness see,
dim We want to feel Thee just as near
p When pain and grief must be.

m Still closer would we cling to Thee
Now night is drawing near,
And in our Father's smile forget
The darkness and the fear.

If thy pure Light within our hearts
And on our pathway shine,
In joy or sorrow we shall know
The hand which leads is thine.

26 *Evening.* C.M.

m The twilight falls, the night is near;
We put our work away,
And kneel to Him who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The common story; yet we kneel
To tell it at thy call,
And cares grow lighter when we feel
Our Father knows them all.

Yes, all! the morning and the night,
dim The joy, the grief, the loss,
p The mountain track, the valley bright,
The daily thorn and cross.

m Thou knowest all: we lean our head,
Our wearied eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
The way our Father knows.

And He has loved us! all our heart
With answering love is stirred;
And poverty and toil and smart,
Find healing in that word.

So here we lay us down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall;
And lean, confiding on his breast,
Who knows and pities all;

And holds the morrows, far and near,
Within his love alway :
Let come what will, He bends to hear
The story day by day.

Anon.

27 *Vesper Thoughts.* 6.4.6.6.

m THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
er Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

p As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

m So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live ;

So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest !
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

Save that his Will be done,
Whate'er betide ;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

f Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He,
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

Latin, tr. E. Caswall.

28 *Evening Hymn.* C M.

m The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
p Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day:
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
cr With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

p Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
dim The hopes of earthly love and joy
That one by one depart;
m Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
cr Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

Let peace, O Lord,—thy peace, O God,—
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
pp O give us now repose.

Adelaide A. Procter.

29 *The everlasting Light.* 8.8.8.4.

m The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us through Christ, the living way,*
Home, Lord, at last.

O, by thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;

* The original is—

"Lead us, O Christ, Thou Living Way.
Safe home at last."

cr Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
f And throngings Angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
ff Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

G. Thring, alt.

30 *Evening.* 7.6.7.6.88.

m The day is past and over;
f All thanks, O Lord, to Thee:
m I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
f O Father, keep me in thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

m The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee:
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
f O Father, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

m The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
f O Father, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
f Lover of men! O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

Anatolius, tr. J. M. Neale.

31 *He giveth his beloved sleep.* L.M.

m Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

p When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
dc Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

m Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
p Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

m If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
p Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

cr Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
f Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble.

32 *Eternal light.* 7s.

p Slowly by thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; O how still
Is the working of thy will!

m Mighty Maker! here am I;
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars, a wondrous birth:
So may gleams of glory dart
From this dim abyss, my heart.

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

f Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

m Thou who dwellest there, I know,
Dwellest here within me too;
May the perfect peace of God
Here, as there, be shed abroad.

Let my life attunèd be
To the heavenly harmony
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

W. H. Furness.

33 *To the only wise God, our Saviour.* 10s.

m Saviour, again to thy dear Name we raise,
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
cr We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
dim Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

p Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
m With Thee began, with Thee shall end, the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy Name.

p Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
m Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
cr Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife:
dim Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace!

J. Ellerton.

34 *Thou art our God.* C.M.

m And now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to thy knee;
p Here lingering still, we ask for naught,
But simply worship Thee.

The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart,
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

f For Thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us when we speak thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

m O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that naught in man can tell
How fair thy beauties shine.

f O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
p Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

m For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
f We say, a perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours.

W. Bright.

35 *Close of Worship.* C.M.

m The Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before his courts we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
dim In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with God.

p The Lord be with us till the night
Enfold our day of rest;
cr Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

p The Lord be with us through the hours
Of slumber calm and deep;
cr Protect our homes, renew our powers,
dim And guard his people's sleep.

J. Ellerton.

36 *Part in peace.* 8.7.

m Part in peace! is day before us?
Praise his name for life and light:
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless his care who guards the night.

Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
p Tranquil memory to the dead.

m Part in peace! from sweet reposing,
And with heavenly thoughts refreshed,
In the morn our eyes unclosing,
cr May we bless the Ever-blessed.

m Part in peace! such are the praises
God our Maker loveth best;
cr Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Sarah Adams.

37 *The desire of nations.* C.M.

f Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

m On Him the Spirit largely poured
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

cr He comes the prisoners to release
In evil bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

p He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

f Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
cr And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved Name.

P. Doddridge.

38 *Advent.* 7s.

m Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! doth its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes! it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends;
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own,
And it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home;
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Lord of Love is come.

Sir J. Bowring.

39 *John and Jesus.* S.M.

m A voice by Jordan's shore,
A summons stern and clear:—
'Repent, be just, and sin no more!
cr God's judgment draweth near.'

p A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear:—
cr 'Love God! thy neighbour love; for see,
God's mercy draweth near.'

m O voice of Duty, still
Speak forth, I hear with awe;
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

cr Thou higher voice of Love,
Yet speak thy word in me;
Through duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty!

S. Longfellow.

40 *Christmas.* 7.6.8.6.

p O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by;

cr Yet in thy dark streets shineth
f The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night!

m For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the Angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
f O morning stars! together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

p How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
cr The dear Christ enters in.

p O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in—
Be born in us to-day!
m We hear the Christmas Angels
The great glad tidings tell—
r Oh, come to us, abide with us,
f Our Lord Emmanuel!

Phillips Brooks.

41 *Christmas.* 8.7.

m Now the joyful Christmas morning,
Breaking o'er the world below,
Tells again the wondrous story
Of the Christ-child long ago.
cr Hark! we hear again the chorus
Echoing through the starry sky,
And we join the heavenly anthem,
f 'Glory be to God on high!'

m Out of every clime and people
Under every holy name,
Is the everlasting gospel
Good and glad for aye the same:
So we, in our happy Christmas,
Breathe the universal creed,
Clasping hands with distant ages
In a brotherhood indeed.

f Sing aloud, then, hearts and voices!
Shout, O new world, free and strong!
Hail of Light the deathless triumph,
Join the old world's birthday song,—
'Glory be to God the Highest!
Peace on earth, goodwill to men!'
'Twas the morning stars that pealed it,—
Let the world respond again.

Mrs. M. N. Meigs. (*v.* 1.)

42 *Christmas.* C.M.

m Long, long ago, in manger low
Was cradled from above
A little Child, in whom God smiled,
A Christmas gift of love.

p When hearts were bitter and unjust,
And cruel hands were strong,
cr The noise He hushed with hope and trust,
And Peace began her song.

p Whene'er the Father's Christmas gifts
Seem only frost and snow,
And anxious stress and loneliness
And poverty and woe ; —

m Straightway provide a welcome wide,
Nor wonder why they came ;
They stand outside our hearts and bide,
Knocking in Jesus' name.

For trouble, cold, and dreary care,
Are angels in disguise ;
And greeted fair, with trust and prayer,
As Peace and Love they rise !

They are the manger, rude and low,
In which a Christ-child lies ;
O welcome guest, thy cradle nest
Is always God's surprise !

W. C. Gannett.

43 *Peace on earth.* C.M.

m It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold :—
f 'Peace to the earth, goodwill to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King ! '
p The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

m Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend, on hovering wing,
p And ever o'er its jarring sounds
The blessed angels sing.

m Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long:
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
p O hush the noise of war and strife,
And hear the angels sing.

m And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
cr Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
dim O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

m For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
cr When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;

When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
f And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. Sears.

44 *Christmas.* 8.7.

m In the old time, runs the story,
There was once a wondrous night,
When from out the unseen glory
Burst a ray of glad delight:
It was when the stars were gleaming,
Shepherds watched their flocks, and then
In their waking, or their dreaming,
cr Angels sang, 'Goodwill to men.'

m Since that day the children's voices
Have caught up the glad refrain;
And to-day the heart rejoices
That the hour comes round again;
And the children are our angels;
f With one loud acclaim they cry,
Answering back the glad evangel's
'Glory be to God on high.'

m Each new child's a new Messiah,
Whether cot or palace born,
cr Leading on the race still higher
f Toward the glad redemption morn;
Each new child's a word new spoken,
God to earth come down again
With His promise never broken,
'Peace on earth, goodwill to men.'

M. , Savage.

45 *Christmas.* 7s.

f Hark! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
m Peace on earth and mercy mild
Cometh with the holy Child.
f Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'
ff Hark! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

f Hail, the holy Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Comes with healing in his wings.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'
ff Hark! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

C. Wesley.

46 *The Nativity.* C.M.

m Calm, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judæa stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high;

p O'er the blue depths of Galilee,
There comes a holier calm:
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

f 'Glory to God,' the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
'Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's Eternal King!'

E. H. Sears.

47 *Christmas.* C.M.

f To-day be joy in every heart,
For lo, the angel throng
Once more above the listening earth
Repeats the advent song:

'Peace on the earth, goodwill to men!'
Before us goes the star
That leads us on to holier births
And life diviner far!

m Ye men of strife, forget to-day
Your harshness and your hate;
Too long ye stay the promised years
For which the nations wait!

And ye upon the tented field,
Sheathe, sheathe to-day the sword!
By love, and not by might, shall come
The kingdom of the Lord.

O star of human faith and hope!
Thy light shall lead us on,
Until it fades in morning's glow,
And heaven on earth is won.

F. L. Hosmer.

48 *Christmas.* 7s.

m THROUGH the starry midnight dim
O'er the hills of Bethlehem,
cr Loud awoke the angels' hymn,
Hallelujah.

p And the shepherds who their sheep
Kept among the meadows steep,
Feared, but soon had joy as deep.
cr Hallelujah.

m 'Fear not,' cried the angel bright,
'There is born to you this night,
cr A Saviour, Jesus, King of Light.'
Hallelujah.

m 'He is Christ the Lord; Arise,
Seek Him where He lowly lies,
In a manger, hid from eyes.'
Hallelujah.

m Joyful were the shepherds then,
When the Gospel tidings ran,
'Peace on earth, goodwill to Man.'
Hallelujah.

cr And all Heaven at the word,
Sang aloud—'O, be adored
In the highest, God the Lord.'
f Hallelujah.

S. A. Brooke.

49 *Christmas.* L.M.

p The Lord is come! On Syrian soil
The child of poverty and toil;
The Man of Sorrows, born to know
Each varying shade of human woe:
m His joy, his glory to fulfil,
In earth and heaven, his Father's will;
On lonely mount, by festive board,
p On bitter cross, despised, adored.

m The Lord is come! Dull hearts to wake,
He speaks, as never man yet spake,
The truth which makes his servants free,
The royal law of liberty.
f Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
His living words our spirits stay,
And from his treasures, new and old,
The eternal mysteries unfold.

m The Lord is come! In Him we trace
The fulness of God's truth and grace;
Throughout those words and acts Divine
Gleams of the eternal splendour shine;
And from his inmost Spirit flow,
As from a height of sunlit snow,
The rivers of perennial life,
To heal and sweeten Nature's strife.

The Lord is come! In every heart
Where truth and mercy claim a part;
f In every land where right is might,
And deeds of darkness shun the light;
m In every Church where faith and love
Lift earthward thoughts to things above;
In every holy, happy home,
f We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast come!

Dean Stanley.

50 · *Christmas.* 7.6.7.7.

m STILL the night, holy the night!
Sleeps the world! yet the light
Shines where Mary watches there,
dim Her child Jesus sweet and fair.
pp Sleeping in heavenly rest;
Sleeping in heavenly rest.

m Still the night, holy the night!
Shepherds first told aright
How the Angel-Hallelujah
Rang so loud from near and far;
cr Jesus, a Saviour, is born;
f Jesus, a Saviour, is born.

m Still the night, holy the night!
p Little Child, O how bright
Love is smiling from thy face!
Now there strikes the hour of grace;
Jesus, our Master, is here;
Jesus, our Master, is here.

German, tr. S. A. Brooke.

51 *Star of Bethlehem.* C.M.

m As shadows, cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One!
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten, and are gone.

f Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

m O Father, may that holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

W. C. Bryant.

52 *Epiphany.* C.M.

m A THOUSAND years have come and gone,
And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ever shone before;
And in the hearts of old and young
cr A joy most joyful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue
As ears had never heard.

f And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore!
Come all, and hearts made ready, bring
To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And dawning in a lowly birth
Uprose the Light of man.

m For trouble such as men must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
Christ shared with us, that we might share
His joy for evermore;
And twice a thousand years of strife,
Of conflict, and of sin,
May tell how large the harvest-sheaf
His patient love shall win.

T. T. Lynch.

53 *The childhood of Jesus.* C.M.

p BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

m Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

p By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly pass away.

m O Thou, whose infant feet were led
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with holiest spirit fed,
Were all alike divine;

We seek that Spirit's bounteous breath,
We ask his grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own!

Bishop Heber.

54 *Jesus* C.M.

m Immortal by their deed and word
Like light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air;
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life for evermore,
That life of duty here,—
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear!

f Spirit of Jesus, still speed on!
Speed on thy conquering way,
Till every heart the Father own,
And all his will obey!

F. L. Hosmer.

55 *Jesus.* 8.7.

m Jesus, by thy simple beauty,
By thy depth of love unknown,
We are drawn to earnest duty,
We come near the Father's throne.

When we read the thrilling pages
Of that life so pure and true,
Stars of hope across the ages,
Rise in glory on our view.

Faith and hope and love shine o'er us!
Make our daily lives divine;
Friend and Brother gone before us,
Be our thoughts and deeds like thine.

Thanks for ever, heavenly Father,
dim That when human eyes grow dim,
And when shadows darkly gather,
cr Shines a holy light through Him.

56 *Jesus.* 7.7.5.

m WHEN the Lord of Love was here,
Happy hearts to Him were dear,
dim Though his heart was sad;
m Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet He turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

Meek and lowly were his ways,
From his loving grew his praise,
From his giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy his care.

When He walked the fields, He drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God;
cr For within his heart of love
All the soul of Man did move,
God had his abode.

p Lord, be ours thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love,
In our meekness to be wise,
cr And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

m Fill us with thy deep desire,
All the sinful to inspire,
With the Father's life:
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

Anon.

57 *Of such is the kingdom of God.* 8.8.8.6.

m It fell upon a summer day,
When Jesus walked in Galilee,
The mothers of the village brought
Their children to his knee.

He took them in his arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head;
p 'Suffer these little ones to come
To Me,' He gently said.

'Forbid them not; unless ye bear
The childish heart your hearts within,
Unto my Kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in.'

m Master, I fain would enter there;
cr O let me follow Thee, and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.

m Of innocence, and love, and trust,
Of quiet work, and simple word,
Of joy, and thoughtlessness of self
cr Build up my life, good Lord.

m All happy thoughts, and gentle ways,
And loving-kindness daily given,
And freedom through obedience gained,
cr Make in my heart thine Heaven.

m And all the wisdom that is born
Of joy and love that question not,
The child's bright vision of the earth,
Be mine, O Lord, unsought.

cr O happy thus to live and move;
And sweet this world, where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere, his love,
His good in all mankind.

m Then, Father, grant this childlike heart,
That I may come to Christ, and feel
His hands on me in blessing laid,
So pure, so strong to heal.

S. A. Brooke.

58 *Follow Me.* L.M.

m Beside the shore of Galilee,
A voice was heard athwart the sea—
A voice at once of tender tone,
Yet grave, with meaning all its own:
And humble fishers as they heard,
Forgot their nets, obeyed its word,
Left all, disciples true to be,
dim For Christ had uttered—'Follow Me!'

m When, seated at the custom's board,
The faithful Levi saw the Lord,
Then in his heart the bell was rung
For worship from that fruitful tongue:

He left his trade, he left his gold;
His heart grew large, his breast was bold;
He went disciple true to be,
dim For Christ had uttered—'Follow Me!'

m Christ calls us not to come by creed,
But by the truthful faith of deed;
And we who would obey his call,
Must make his teachings lord of all,
Must learn his love, and cease from strife,
And mould our minds to his through life,
If we disciples true would be,
dim For Christ has uttered—'Follow Me!'

m And still e'en now we hear that voice:
f Hark, silvery strains, Rejoice! Rejoice!
Above the clouds, beyond the air,
Up highest heaven's sapphire stair—
Beyond life's gate of mortal bar,
From sky to sky, from star to star,
It quivereth, echoeth, floweth free,
dim For Christ still calleth—'Follow Me!'

G. Barmby.

m 'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
p O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night;
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
cr But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

m 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
p O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife;
f The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
cr But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

m 'And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out,'
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us, very sinners,
p Unworthy though we be,
cr Of love so free and boundless,

Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.

f Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never [dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
dim Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

Catherine H. Waterman.

61 *Come unto Me.* C.M.

p I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest;
cr Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
m Thy head upon my breast.'
p I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
cr I found in Him a resting-place,
f And He has made me glad.

p I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
cr The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.'
p I came to Jesus, and I drank
cr Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
ff And now I live in Him.

p I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light;
cr Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:'
p I looked to Jesus, and I found
cr In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
dim Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar.

62 *Follow Me.* 8.5.8.3.

p Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
m 'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming
p Be at rest!'

m Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
p 'In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side.'

m Hath He diadem as monarch
That his brow adorns?
'Yea, a crown in very surety,
p But of thorns.'

m If I find Him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
p 'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.'

m If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
f 'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.'

m If I ask Him to receive me
Will He say me nay?
f 'Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!'

m Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
ff 'Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!'

Stephen the Sabaite, tr. J. M. Neale.

63 *I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.* 10s.

m O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
p Who once didst come in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
m And call thy brethren forth from want and woe:—

f We look to Thee; thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
p Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
m Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

f Yes! Thou art still the Life; Thou art the Way [of heaven!
The holiest know; Light, Life, and Way
m And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray, [hast given.
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou

T. Parker.

64 *The Lost Sheep.* 8.8.8.8.7.7.

p I WAS wandering and weary,
When the Shepherd came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me:
m And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along his way,
p 'O wandering souls, come near Me;
My sheep shall never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true!'

m At first I would not hearken,
And put off until the morrow;
dim But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow.
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along his way,
p 'O wandering souls,' etc.

At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw his kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along his way,
'O wandering souls,' etc.

m He took me on his shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how He had missed me;
And I'm sure I heard Him say,
As He went along his way,
p 'O wandering souls,' etc.

m I thought his love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me.
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along his way,
p 'O wandering souls,' etc.

F. W. Faber.

65

Behold, I stand at the door and knock. 7.7.8.7.8.7.

p Knocking, knocking! (*f*) who is there?
pp Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
m 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before;
dim Ah! my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not undo the door?

p Knocking, knocking! (*f*) Still He's there,
pp Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
m But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

p Knocking, knocking! *(f)* What, still there?
pp Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
m Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
dim Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Master, waiting there.

Harriet B. Stowe.

66 *Watching with Jesus* 11.10

m One little hour of watching with the Master,
Eternal years to walk with Him in white;
One little hour to bravely meet disaster,
Eternal years to reign with Him in light.
f Then souls be brave and watch until the morrow,
Awake, arise, your lamps of purpose trim;
dim The Master speaks across the night of sorrow;
p Can ye not watch one little hour with Him?

m One little hour to suffer scorn and losses,
Eternal years beyond earth's cruel frowns;
One little hour to carry heavy crosses,
Eternal years to wear unfading crowns.
f Then souls be brave, etc.

m One little hour for weary toils and trials,
Eternal years for calm and peaceful rest;
One little hour for patient self-denials,
Eternal years of life where life is blest.
Then souls be brave, etc.

Jessie H. Brown.

67 *Jesus our Leader.* 7s.

p FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to Thee?

m Blessèd Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent thy holy Son:
He will give the light I need;
He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on Him;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

Thus in deed and thought and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
p In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die;—

m Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
p Learn to die without a fear,
cr Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

W. H. Furness.

68 *The other side.* 10s.

THE day was done; beside the sultry shore
The cooling shadows kissed the restless sea,
The words of wondrous wisdom now were o'er,
That make thy waves so sacred, Galilee!

The thronging multitudes from far and nigh,
In eager haste around his bark had pressed,
And as He spake, the hours passed fleetly by,
And many a weary heart found peace and rest.

And then, as gently fell the evening dew,
And the long day, with all its toil, was o'er,
The Master saith unto his chosen few,
Let us pass over to the further shore.

p So, when our day is ended, and we stand
At even by the marge of Jordan's tide,
cr O, may we firmly grasp the Master's hand,
f And pass triumphant to the other side.

R. H. Baynes.

69 *The Lost Sheep.* 9.7.9.7.9.9.

m THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold:
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

'Lord, Thou hast here thy ninety and nine!
Are they not enough for Thee?'
p But the Shepherd made answer: 'This of mine
Has wandered away from Me;
m And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep.'

p But none of the ransomed ever knew,
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere He found his sheep that was lost:
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
pp Sick and helpless and ready to die.

m 'Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?'
p 'They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.'
m 'Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?'
p 'They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.'

m And all through the mountains, thunder-riven
And up from the rocky steep,
cr There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
'Rejoice! I have found my sheep!'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
ff 'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!'

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

70 *The Transfiguration.* L.M.

m LORD, it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with Thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

Lord, it is good for us to be
With Thee and with thy faithful three,—
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, the word that burns;
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With him whose last best creed is love.

Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
And watch thy glistering raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we, too, change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured Face.

Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim—
'This is my Son—O hear ye Him!'

Dean Stanley.

71 *On the Mount.* L.M.

Not always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Lord, it is good abiding here—
We cry, the heavenly presence near;
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies!

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways;

Till all the lowly vale grows bright
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision,—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

F. L. Hosmer.

72 *Work and Worship.* 10s.

m STAY, Master, stay upon this heavenly hill:
A little longer, let us linger still;
With all the mighty ones of old beside,
Near to the Awful Presence still abide;
p Before the throne of light we trembling stand,
And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

m Stay, Master, stay; we breathe a purer air;
This life is not the life that waits us there:
Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses come and go;
p We cannot speak them—nay, we do not know;
Wrapt in this cloud of light we seem to be
The thing we fain would grow—eternally.

m 'No!' saith the Lord, 'the hour is past,—we go;
Our home, our life, our duties lie below.
While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,
The plough lies waiting in the furrow there!
m Here we sought God that we might know his will;
There we must do it,—serve Him,—seek Him still.'

If man aspires to reach the throne of God,
O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.
He who best does his lowly duty here,
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere:
At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,
And he is nearest Him who serves Him best.

S. Greg.

73 *Peace be still.* 8.8.8.3.

f Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
dim But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
pp Calm and still.

m 'Save, Lord, we perish,' was their cry,
'O save us in our agony!'
cr Thy word above the storm rose high,—
p 'Peace be still.'

pp-f The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
dim Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
cr At thy will.

m So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,—
pp 'Peace be still.'

G. Thring.

74 *Alone.* 8.7.8.5.

m 'He was there alone,' when even
Had round earth its mantle thrown
Holding intercourse with heaven:
'He was there alone.'

There his inmost heart's emotion
Made He to his Father known;
In the spirit of devotion,
Praying there alone.

p So let us, from earth retiring,
Seek in prayer our Father's throne;
cr And to holy thoughts aspiring,
Live with God alone.

m So, when time its course hath ended,
And the joys of earth are flown,
cr We, by hope and bliss attended,
Shall not be alone.

Sir J. Bowring.

75 *He hath not where to lay his head.* L.M.

p O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on his lone, unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks He not a home of rest?
Why seeks He not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,
He hath not where to lay his head.

m Such was the lot He freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
cr And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

W. Russell.

76 *Charity.* 8.5

p Thou, who on that wondrous journey
Sett'st thy face to die,
By thy holy, meek example
cr Teach us Charity!

p Thou, who that dread cup of anguish
Did'st not put from Thee;
cr O most Loving of the loving,
Give us Charity!

m Thou who reignest, by thy meekness,
Over earth and sky,
cr Oh, that we may share thy triumph,
Grant us Charity;

m Send us Faith, that trusts thy promise;
Hope, with upward eye;
cr But more blest than both, and greater,
Send us Charity!

Dean Alford.

77 *Palm Sunday.* L.M.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry!
p O King of love, pursue thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
p In lowly pomp ride on to die;
cr O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
im The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
p Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O Christ, thy power, and reign!

Dean Milman.

78 *Which temple ye are.* 10s.

m 'DESCEND to thy Jerusalem, O Lord!'
Her faithful children cry with one accord;
Come, ride in triumph on! behold, we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in thy way!

Thy road is ready, Lord!—thy paths, made straight,
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet:
And hark! Hosannas loud thy footsteps greet!

f Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
p As that in Sion, and as full of sin:
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein?

m Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place,
Which Thou hast chosen, there to set thy face.

And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of thy finished victory,
f The temple-stones shall cry, and loud repeat
Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet!

Bishop J. Taylor.

79 *Passiontide.* L.M.

m Sign of a glorious life afar,
The holy cross with joy we take,
Sign of a peace strife could not mar,
Sign of a faith death could not shake.

p It tells how truth, once crucified,
f Now throned in majesty doth reign;
How love is blessed and glorified,
p That once on earth was mocked and slain.

f Up, children of the cross! and dare
Follow where Jesus goes before;
Be strong to take, be strong to bear,
For love and right, the cross He bore.

Gotter.

80 *The cross of Chris.* 8.7.

m In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

p When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
f Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

m When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
f From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

m Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

f In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir J. Bowring.

81 *Take up the Cross.* S.M.

m Thou say'st, 'Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow Me';
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow Thee.

p But, O dear Lord, we cry,
That we thy face could see!
Thy blessed face one moment's space—
Then might we follow Thee!

m Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can we follow Thee?

p Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades?
How should we follow Thee?

O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see!
m As once of yore Thyself restore
And help to follow Thee!

If not as once Thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow Thee.

m Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be;
f Set up thy throne within thine own:—
Go, Lord: we follow Thee.

F. T. Palgrave.

82 *Passiontide.* 6.8.

m WHERE shall we learn to die?
Go, gaze with steadfast eye
On dark Gethsemane,
Or darker Calvary,
p Where, through each lingering hour,
The Lord of grace and power,
Most lowly and most high,
Has taught the Christian how to die.

When in the olive shade,
His long last prayer He prayed;
When on the cross to heaven
His parting spirit given,
He showed that to fulfil
The Father's gracious will,
Not asking how or why,
Alone prepares the soul to die.

No word of angry strife,
No anxious cry for life;
By scoff and torture torn
He speaks not scorn for scorn;
Calmly forgiving those
Who deem themselves his foes,
In silent majesty
He points the way at peace to die.

m Delighting to the last
In memories of the past;
Glad at the parting meal
In lowly tasks to kneel;

Still yearning to the end
For mother and for friend;
His great humility
Loves in such acts of love to die.

pp O by those weary hours
Of slowly ebbing powers,
By those deep lessons heard
In each expiring word;
By that unfailing love
Lifting the soul above,
When our last end is nigh,
So teach us, Lord, with Thee to die.

Dean Stanley.

83 *Looking unto Jesus.* 6.6.10.

p Thou, who in life below
Didst drain the cup of woe,
And glorify the cross of agony—
Thy blessèd labours done,
cr Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on high.

m It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

Dear image of our life,
Look on us through the strife!
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed;
cr Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

p E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
cr That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

Sarah E. Miles.

84 *Bearing the Cross.* 6.6.10.

p Burden of shame and woe!
How does the heart o'erflow
At thought of Him the bitter cross who bore!
But we have each our own,
To others oft unknown,
Which we must bear till life shall be no more.

And shall we fear to tread
The path where Jesus led,
The Pure and Holy One, for man who died?
Or shall we shrink from shame,
Endured for Jesus' name,
Our glorious Lord, once spurned and crucified?

m Then, 'mid the woes that wait
On this our mortal state,
Patience shall cheer affliction, toil, and loss;
And though the tempter's art
Assail the struggling heart,
Still, Jesus, in thy name we bear the cross.

S. G. Bulfinch.

85 *For Strength.* 8.6.8.4.

p FATHER, who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son,—

Oh, in the anguish of our night,
Send us down blest relief;
And, to the chastened, let thy might
Hallow the grief!

And Thou, that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
Thy will be done!—

By thy meek spirit, Thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief,
Our Saviour, when the stroke doth fall,
Hallow our grief!

Felicia D. Hemans.

86 *Let this cup pass from Me.* L.M.

p A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
O Father, take this cup away!

p Ah, Thou, who sorrow'st unto death,
cr We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
f 'O God, take not this cup away!'

m O Man of sorrows, nobly die;
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy peace shall still the mourner's sigh,
Thy strength shall raise the faint and low.

O King of earth, the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages, 'tis thy throne;
Where'er thy fading eye may bend
The desert blooms and is thine own.

Great Chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When faith unarmed lifts up the hand.

p Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above;
dim And when we go the last lone way,
cr Oh, give the welcome of thy love!

Anon.

87 *Gethsemane and Calvary.* 7s.

m When my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
dim Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane!

m There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;
dim See that suffering, friendless One
Weeping, praying there alone.

m When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
p Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;—

There behold his agony
Suffered on the bitter Tree;
See his anguish, see his faith,
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

J. R. Wreford and S. Longfellow.

88 *Stabat Mater.* 8.8.7.

m Jews were wrought to cruel madness,
p Christians fled in fear and sadness,
m Mary stood the cross beside.
At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
p Till the gentle Sufferer died.

m Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified;
But no worship, song, or glory
Touches like that simple story,—
Mary stood the cross beside.

And when under fierce oppression
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified.
But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.

W. J. Fox.

89 *It is finished.* 7s.

m 'It is finished'—all the pain,
All the sorrow, all the stain;
Death has freed the Lord of life
From the burden of his strife.

'It is finished'—all the days,
Led through many weary ways;
dim Now at last his eyelids close
On the hatred of his foes.

m 'It is finished'—all the toil
Sin and trial could not spoil;
Never could his spirit fleet,
Till the work was all complete.

'It is finished'—all the Word,
Poor, and sinners, gladly heard;
cr All the Father's love made known,
Human goodness fully shown.

m 'It is finished'—all the love,
Deep as his that dwells above;
Saving others, all He gave,
dim But Himself He would not save.

m 'It is finished'—Hark! the cry,
cr Uttered in Love's agony,
Is the seal, below, above,
Of the Victory of Love.
Hallelujah.

S. A. Brooke.

90 *Strength from the Cross.* 8.8.7.

p 'It is finished!' Man of sorrows!
From thy cross our frailty borrows
f Strength to bear and conquer thus.

p While extended there we view Thee,
Mighty Sufferer! draw us to Thee,—
f Sufferer victorious!

m Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted!
May that sacred emblem be;

f Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to Thee!

p Still to Thee! whose love unbounded
Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.

f Honoured be thy cross for ever;
Star, that points our high endeavour
Whither Thou hast gone before!

F. H. Hedge.

91 *It is finished.* 8.8.8.6.

p O, who is this that on a tree
Of shame and pain and mockery,
Hangs by the hill of Calvary?
pp 'Tis Jesus, Lord of Love.

m Mercy could not from Him depart;
His arms, outstretched in piteous art,
Dropt blood, like love, upon the heart
Of all the sinful world.

O deep the passion, great the woe,
He long endured to slay the foe;
That we the depths of love might know,
dim The love that died for men.

cr Yet in the woe, a joy as deep
dim Mingled, and laid the pain asleep;
cr And we are glad, although we weep
dim With John, beneath his cross.

m For through the gloom that veiled the hill,
A heavenly vision came to fill
His heart with joy ineffable;
The Vision of the End.

The whole of mankind gathered in,
His sheep, his own beloved kin,
cr Saved from themselves, and saved from sin
By God the Father's love.

p Then sank his head upon his breast,
Then was his heart, at last, at rest,
Holy and undefiled and blest!
pp 'All is fulfilled,' He said.

m O Jesu, who thus died that we
Might know Life's deepest mystery,
cr Lead us, through love like thine, to see
Our Father, face to face.

S. A. Brooke.

92 *Jesus' fellowship in suffering.* 7s.

p WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of Man, be near.

m Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, Son of Man, be near.

p Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier,
Jesu, Son of Man, be near.

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Man, be near.

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our swift departing souls,
When we pray—'Our Father, Hear,'—
Jesu, Son of Man, be near.

Dean Milman.

93 *Our Calvary.* 10.4.

m God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn:
Would we ask why?
p It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.

Only upon *some* cross of pain or woe
God's son may lie;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
Its Calvary.

m Yet we must crave neither for joy nor grief,
God chooses best:
He only knows our sick soul's best relief,
And gives us rest.

More than our feeble hearts can ever pine
For holiness,
The Father, in his tenderness divine,
Yearneth to bless.

He never sends a joy not meant in love,
Still less a pain:
Our gratitude the sunlight falls to prove;
Our faith the rain.

In his hands we are safe. We falter on
Through storm and mire:
Above, beside, around us, there is One
Will never tire.

p What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie,
Our lips in dust?
f God's arm shall lift us up to victory:
In Him we trust.

For neither life, nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us, that we should go
From his great love!

Frances P. Cobbe.

94 *Easter.* 8.4.6.

f Ye happy bells of Easter Day!
Ring, ring your joy
Through earth and sky!
Ye ring a glorious word;
The notes that swell in gladness tell
The rising of the Lord!

Ye glory-bells of Easter Day!
The hills that rise
Against the skies
Re-echo with the word—
The victor breath that conquers death—
The rising of the Lord!

p Ye passion-bells of Easter Day!
The bitter cup
He lifted up,
Salvation to afford;
cr Ye saintly bells! your passion tells
The rising of the Lord!

f Ye victor bells of Easter Day!
The thorny crown
He layeth down;
Ring! Ring! with strong accord,
The mighty strain of love and pain—
The rising of the Lord!

95 *Easter.* 8.8.8.4.

f Past are the cross, the scourge, the thorn,
The scoffing tongue, the gibe, the scorn,
And brightly breaks the Eastern morn.
Hallelujah!

Gone are the gloomy clouds of night;
The shades of death are put to flight;
And from the tomb beams heavenly light.
Hallelujah!

m And so, in sorrow dark and drear,
Though black the night, the morn is near;
cr Soon shall the heavenly day appear.
Hallelujah!

m And when death's darkness dims our eyes,
cr From out the gloom our souls shall rise
f In deathless glory to the skies.
Hallelujah!

ff Then let us raise the glorious strain,
Love's triumph over sin and pain,
Faith's victory over terror's reign!
Hallelujah!

A. C. Jewitt.

96 *Easter.* 7.8.

f Jesus lives! No longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! By this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! Henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal.
p This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

f Jesus lives! And not alone.
Happy throngs, his steps attending,
Wait to lead God's children on
To the radiant life, unending.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! The crucified
Leads the heavenly hosts, all-glorious.
He who in the darkness died
Lives in light, a king, victorious.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! Full well we know
Nought from us his love can sever.
Loving us when here below,
He will love, and love for ever.
Alleluia!

Gellert, tr. Frances E. Cox.

97 *Easter.* 7s.

f Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day.
Alleluia!
m Lately on the Cross undone,
Alleluia!
f Now his victory is won.
Alleluia!

Hymns of joy then let us sing
Alleluia!
Unto God, our heavenly King!
Alleluia!
Death is slain since Christ is raised,
Alleluia!
God the Conqueror be praised.
Alleluia!

We shall follow where our Lord,
Alleluia!
To the Father's throne has soared;
Alleluia!
cr And above the heavens sing
Alleluia!
Alleluia to our King.
Alleluia!

Anon.

98 *Easter.* 8.4.

HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!
Accomplished is the battle now;
The crown is on the victor's brow:
cr Hence with sadness,
Sing with gladness
Hallelujah.

f Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
m After sharp death that Him befel,
Our Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell,
cr Earth is singing,
Heaven is ringing
Hallelujah.

f Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Out of the bands of death He rose,
Radiant with victory o'er his foes;
Sing we lauding,
And applauding,
Hallelujah.

f Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
m The ancient terror is no more;
God's love is told from shore to shore;
Every nation
Sing Salvation,
Hallelujah.

f Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Master, we call on God with Thee
From sin's ill death to set us free,
That our living
Be thanksgiving,
Hallelujah!

Latin, tr. J. M Neale.

99 *Easter.* 8.7.

m STANDING on the shore at morning,
I beheld the shining sea,
Saw the wreathing vapours mounting
Into heaven silently.

Standing on the hill at evening,
Clouds stooped gently over me,
Softly from the west ascending,
And the rain fell silently.

So, I cried, my Spirit's incense
Sure returneth unto me;
Upward breathing, falls in blessing
From our Father, silently.

So my life up-striving, soaring,
Where nor eye nor thought can see,
Comes again descending on me,
Filled with immortality.

cr And the bliss of hope awakens;
Earth and sky I clearer see;
f And I carol, in my gladness,
Joyful hymn and melody.

J. V. Blake.

100 *Easter.* 8.7.

m Evermore with love abiding,
Can we say this world is cold,
While life's blessings lie around us
More than our weak hands can hold?

Evermore the sunshine falleth,
On the good and ill as well;
Human hands stretch out in friendship,
Human lips their message tell.

Evermore is life abounding—
Life o'erflowing full and free;
All the winds of farthest heaven
Bring the message unto me.

p Evermore by faith we murmur,
'Not my own but thy sweet will;'
And though sorrow's wave surrounds us,
cr We may clasp thy dear hand still.

m Love, immortal life, are with us,
Faith will guide us to that shore,
Where our Easter song in gladness
Joins the angels' evermore.

Kate L. Brown.

101 *Easter.* 7.6.

f Come, sing with holy gladness,
High alleluias sing;
Lift up your hearts and voices
With new-awakened spring.

Sing youths and gentle maidens,
Your hymn of praise to-day,
With old men and with children,
In sweet according lay.

The time of resurrection!
Earth sings it all abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!
The sign of life eternal
Is writ on earth and sky,
The Hope for ever vernal,
Of Life the victory.

f Now let the heavens be joyful,
The seas their bright waves swell,
Let the round world keep triumph
With all that therein dwell!
Now let the seen and unseen
In one glad anthem blend,
Let all our hearts be risen
To life that hath no end!

102 *Easter.* Irr.

m Aye, the lilies are pure in their pallor, the roses are fragrant and sweet,
f The music pours out like a sea-wave, breaking in praise at his feet,
Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus has risen again;
m But we watch for the signs of his living in the life of the children of men.

Wherever a mantle of pity falls soft on a wound or a woe,
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster a foe,—
Wherever a soft hand of blessing outreaches to succour a need,
Wherever springs healing for wounding, (*cr*) the Master is risen indeed.

m Wherever the soul of a people, arising in courage and might,
Bursts forth from the errors that shrouded its hope in the gloom of the night,—
Wherever, in sight of God's legions, the armies of evil recede,
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom, (*cr*) the Master is risen indeed.

f So fling out your banners, brave toilers; bring lilies to altar and shrine;
Ring out Easter bells, He has risen; for thee is the token and sign;
There's a world moving sunward and godward; ye are called to the front, ye must lead;
m Behind are the grave and the darkness; (*ff*) the Master is risen indeed.

From "Lend a Hand."

103 *Immortality.* 11.9.11.6.

f Father Omnipotent! joyful and thankful,
Bring we the praises to Thee belong;
Hopefulness, joyfulness in thy great mercy
Fill our waked spirits with sounding song.
Hallowed and heavenly, Light shines immortal
Through life's open portal:

Open to faithfulness, open to sorrow,
Open to vision of saint and seer!
Death, where thy victory? where thy great anguish?
Hope cometh mighty, outcasting fear!
O hope victorious! on us descending,
Earth and heaven blending!

Glory and majesty break forth upon us,
Like unto splendours of morning skies!
Light beatifical! Life everlasting!
Will thy great glory on us arise;
Lighten our heaviness, shine on our sorrow,
Life's eternal morrow!

J. V. Blake.

104 *The Ascension.* 7s.

m He is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

p He is gone—and we return,
And our hearts within us burn;
Olivet no more shall greet,
With welcome shout, his coming feet;
Never shall we track Him more
On Gennesareth's glist'ning shore,
Never in that look, or voice,
Shall Zion's walls again rejoice.

He is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain,
In the void which He has left;
On this earth, of Him bereft:
We have still his work to do,
We can still his path pursue,
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves his image show.

He is gone—towards the goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast:
Still his words before us range
Through the ages, as they change;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the Heaven of heavens, the same
As on earth He went and came;
In the many mansions there,
Peace for us He will prepare,
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but not in vain;
Wait, until He comes again;
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;

cr Evermore in heart and mind,
There our peace in Him we find;
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

Dean Stanley.

105 *Veni, sancte Spiritus.* 7s.

m COME, Thou Holy Spirit, come;
And from thy celestial home
Shed a ray of light divine:
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine:

Thou of Comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome guest,
p Sweet refreshment here below:
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

m O most blessèd Light divine,
Shine within these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill:
p Where Thou art not, man hath nought,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

m Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee evermore,
In thy gracious gifts descend:
Give them virtue's sure reward,
cr Give them thy salvation, Lord,
Give them joys that never end.

Robert II. of France, tr. based on that of E. Caswall.

106 *The Comforter.* C.M.

p Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

m He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
f All powerful as the wind He came,
p As viewless too.

m He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

p And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

cr And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

m Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber.

107 *Faith, Hope and Charity.* 7.7.7.5.

m MIGHTY Spirit, gracious Guide,
Let thy light in us abide;
Ever walking by thy side,
Grant us heavenly love!

Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong:
Therefore give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Therefore give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
cr Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Therefore give us love.

m Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
cr But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

p From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love!

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.

108 *The Comforter.* 7.7.7.6.

m In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
p Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

m When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
p Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

m When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
p Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

m When God knows I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet, before the glass be out,
p Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

m When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half slays me with untruth,
p Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

m When the Judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
p Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

R. Herrick.

109 *Prayer for Grace* 7s.

m Gracious Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would gracious be,
And, with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal;
f And with actions bold and meek
Christ's own gracious spirit speak.

m Truthful Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly
Follow Christ's sincerity.

p Tender Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour;
m Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

p Silent Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

f Mighty Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

m Holy Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
f And whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

T. T. Lynch.

110 *The Spirit of God.* S.M.

m Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
f But live with Thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

E. Hatch.

111 *The Divine Spirit.* C.M.

m SPIRIT divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
cr Come, Holy Spirit, come!

m Come, glorious Light! to waiting minds
That long the truth to know,
Reveal the narrow path of right,
The way of duty show.

Come, cleansing Fire! enkindle now
The sacrificial flame,
cr That all our souls an offering be
To love's redeeming name.

p Come as the dew! on hearts that pine
Descend in this still hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy thy quickening power.

cr Come, Wind of God! sweep clean away
What dead within us lies,
And search and freshen all our souls
With living energies.

A. Reed and S. Longfellow.

112 *Inspiration.* 7s.

m HOLY Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

[redacted] live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

m Holy Spirit, Peace divine!
p Still this restless heart of mine!
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquility.

f Holy Spirit, Joy divine;
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing
'Spring, O Well! forever spring.'

S. Longfellow.

m O Love Divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless, us while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from
Thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by Thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou
know'st:
Wide as our need thy favours fall;
The white wings of the Holy Gho[illegible]
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads [illegible]

[illegible]ltier.

[illegible].M.

f Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

m I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

p Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
cr My rest by night, my strength by day,
dim O blessèd thought of God!

F. L. Hosmer.

116 *God.* 11.11.11.5.

m FATHER Almighty, bless us with thy blessing,
Answer in love thy children's supplication;
Hear Thou our prayers, the spoken and unspoken;
Hear us, our Father!

Shepherd of souls, who bringest all who seek
Thee
To pastures green, beside the peaceful waters;
Tenderest Guide, in ways of cheerful duty,
Lead us, Good Shepherd!

Spirit of mercy, from thy watch and keeping
No place can part, nor hour of time remove us;
Give us thy good, and save us from our evil,
Infinite Spirit!

117 *Our Refuge.* C.M.

f O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home:

m Under the shadow of thy Throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
cr From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

m A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
dim They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

f O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home!

I. Watts.

118 *The Mystery of God.* C.M.

m O Thou, in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here,—

What heart can comprehend thy name
Or, searching, find Thee out,
Who art within, a quickening Flame,
A Presence round about?

Yet though I know Thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more:
Enough for me to know Thou art,
To love Thee and adore.

O sweeter than aught else besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The Light I may not see!

And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to Thee.

F. L. Hosmer.

119 *The Greatness of God.* C.M.

m My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

p How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

m How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

p Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

cr Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou has stooped to ask of me
d m The love of my poor heart.

m No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me thy sinful child.

Father of mankind, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
cr To know thy righteousness at last,
And lose ourselves in Thee.

F. W. Faber.

120 *Found.* C.M.

m O NAME, all other names above,
What art Thou not to me,
Now I have learned to trust thy love
And cast my care on Thee!

What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which Thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone thy fulness fill!

f Thrice blessèd be the holy souls
That lead the way to Thee,
That burn upon the martyr-rolls
And lists of prophecy.

m And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod;
But sweeter far, when Thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God!

The thought of Thee all sorrow calms;
Our anxious burdens fall;
cr His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all.

F. L. Hosmer.

121 *O that I knew where I might find Him.* C.M.

m Go not, my soul, in search of Him,
Thou wilt not find Him there,—
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And Soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
And with his glory shine!

Thou shalt not want for company
Nor pitch thy tent alone;
The indwelling God will go wth thee
And show thee of his own

O gift of gifts, O grace of grace,
That God should condescend
To make thy heart his dwelling-place
And be thy daily Friend!

Then go not thou in search of Him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim
And thou shalt find Him there!

F. L. Hosmer.

122 *Holy, holy, holy.* 11.12.12.10.

p.cr Hark, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee.
p.cr Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

p.m Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Fill with thy glory, Lord, Eternity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! [illegible]

p.cr Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
f All thy works shall praise thy Name, in
earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt
be.

Bishop Heber.

123 *God all in all.* L.M.

m The flowing soul, nor low nor high,
Is perfect here, is perfect there.
Each drop in ocean orbs the sky;
And seeing eyes make all things fair.

The evening clouds, the wayside flower,
Surpass the Andes and the rose;
And wrapped in every hasty hour
Is all the lengthened year bestows.

Therefore, erase thy false degrees!
From stock and stone strike stars and fire,
Lo, even in the 'least of these'
Dwells that Lord-Christ whom ye desire.

125 *Thou art my God.* 10s.

m THOU art my God; my soul desires no other;
For whom have I in heaven or earth but Thee?
Thou art my God, and every man a brother,
Whom I must love, because Thou lovest me.

When the night is still and far,
Watcher from the shadowed deeps!
When the morning breaks its bar,
Life that shines and wakes and leaps!
When old Bible-verses glow,
Starring all the deep of thought,
Till it fills with quiet dawn,
From the peace our years have brought,—
Sun within both skies, we see
How all lights lead back to Thee!

m 'Cross the field of daily work
Run the footpaths, leading—where?
Run they east or run they west,
cr One way all the workers fare.
p Every awful thing of earth,—
Sin and pain and battle-noise;
m Every dear thing,—baby's birth,
Faces, flowers, or lover's joys,—
cr Is a wicket-gate where we
Join the great highway to Thee!

m Restless, restless, speed we on,—
Whither in the vast unknown?
Not to you and not to me
Are the sealèd orders shown:
But the Hand that built the road,
And the Light that leads the feet,
And this inward restlessness,
Are such invitation sweet,
That where I no longer see,
cr Highway still must lead to Thee!

W. C. Gannett.

127 *The Eternal Father.* C.M.

f FATHER! the sweetest, dearest Name
That men or angels know!
Fountain of Life, that had no fount
From which itself could flow!

m Thou comest not, Thou goest not;
Thou wert not, wilt not be;
dim Eternity is but a thought
By which we think of Thee.

m Lost in thy greatness, Lord! I live,
As in some gorgeous maze;
Thy sea of unbeginning light
Blinds me, and yet I gaze.

For thy grandeur is all tenderness,
All motherlike and meek;
The hearts that will not come to it
Humbling itself to seek.

Thou feign'st to be remote, and speak'st
As if from far above,
cr That fear may make more bold with Thee,
And be beguiled to love.

m On earth thou hidest, not to scare
Thy children with thy light;
Then showest us thy face in heaven,
When we can bear the sight.

F. W. Faber.

128 *The greatness of God.* C.M.

f O God! Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

m Yet more than all, and ever more,
Should we thy creatures bless,
p Most worshipful of attributes,
Thine awful holiness.

m There's not a craving in the mind
Thou dost not meet and still;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which Thou dost not fulfil.

Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold;
p Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.

f All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed,—

All these may draw upon thy power,
Thy mercy may command;
m And still outflows thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

p O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
f When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

F. W. Faber.

129 *Who by searching can find out God?* 11.10.

p I CANNOT find Thee. Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell;
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I cannot find Thee. E'en when most adoring,
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer;
Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought upsoaring,
From furthest quest comes back: Thou art not there.

cr Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
f Thy splendour shineth: there, O God! Thou art.

I cannot lose Thee. Still in Thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding.
dim And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.

Eliza Scudder.

130 *The thought of God.* C.M.

m The thought of God, the thought of Thee
Who liest in my heart,
And yet beyond imagined space
Outstretched and present art:—

It is a thought which ever makes
Life's sweetest smiles from tears;
And is a daybreak to our hopes,
A sunset to our fears.

It is not of his wondrous works,
Nor even that He is;
Words fail it—but it is a thought
That by itself is bliss.

Within a thought so great, our souls
Little and modest grow;
And by its vastness awed, we learn
The art of walking slow.

The very thinking of the thought,
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear.

F. W. Faber.

131 *Thought of God.* 8s.

m I saw the beauty of the world
Before me like a flag unfurled,
The splendour of the morning sky,
And all the stars in company;
I thought, How beautiful it is!—
cr My soul said, 'There is more than this.'

m I saw the pomps of death and birth,
The generations of the earth;
I looked on saints and heroes crowned,
And love as wide as heaven is round;
I thought, How beautiful it is!—
cr My soul said, 'There is more than this.'

m Sometimes I have an awful thought
That bids me do the thing I ought;
It comes like wind, it burns like flame,
How shall I give that thought a name?
It draws me like a loving kiss,—
cr My soul says, 'There is more than this.'

f Yea, there is One I cannot see
Or hear, but He is Lord to me:
And in the heavens and earth and skies,
The good which lives till evil dies;
The love which I cannot withstand,
cr God writes his Name with his own hand.

W. B. Rands.

132 *Lord God Almighty.* 5.8.8.5.

f LORD God Almighty,
m Who hearest all who cry to Thee,
p To Thee I cry,—*(cr)* O hear Thou me,
f Lord God Almighty.

m Lord God Almighty,
Who lovest all who trust in Thee,
Both small and great,—*(cr)* O love Thou me,
f Lord God Almighty.

m Lord God Almighty,
Who healest all who come to Thee;
In faith I come,—*(cr)* O heal Thou me,
Lord God Almighty.

m Lord God Almighty,
Who savest all who saved would be;
p I fear, I faint,—*(cr)* O save Thou me,
f Lord God Almighty.

Lord God Almighty,
Which was, and is, and is to be,
All praise and glory be to Thee,
Lord God Almighty.

G. Thring.

133 *Praise.* 11s.

m Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
f Most blessèd, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great Name we praise.

p Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
m Thy Justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all, life Thou givest—to both great and small;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
p We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish—but nought changeth Thee.

m To-day and To-morrow with Thee still are Now;
Nor trouble, nor sorrow, nor care, Lord, hast Thou;
Nor passion doth fever, nor age doth decay,
f The same God for ever that was yesterday.

m Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
p Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
m But of all thy rich graces this grace, Lord, impart—
Take the veil from our faces, the veil from our heart.

f All laud we would render; O help us to see,
p 'Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee;
f And so let thy glory almighty impart,
Through Christ in the story, thy Christ to the heart.

W. C. Smith.

134 *Praise.* 7s.

f Let the whole Creation cry
Glory to the Lord on high!
Heaven and earth, awake and sing
'God is good, and therefore King.'

m Praise Him, all ye hosts above,
Ever bright and fair in love!
Sun and moon, uplift your voice,
Night and stars, in God rejoice.

Chant his honour, ocean fair!
Earth, soft rushing through the air;
Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm,
Rain and snow, his praise perform.

All the elemental powers,
Forests, plains, and secret bowers,
Vales and mountains, burst in song!
Rivers, roll his praise along.

Let the blossoms of the earth
Join the universal mirth;
Birds, with morn and dew elate,
Sing with joy at Heaven's gate.

All the beasts that haunt the woods,
And the fish that cleave the floods,
Insects, and all creeping things,
Loud exalt the King of kings.

Warriors fighting for the Lord,
Prophets burning with his word,
Those to whom the arts belong,
Join the rushing of the song.

Kings of knowledge and of law,
To the glorious circle draw;
All who work and all who wait,
Sing, 'The Lord is good and great.'

Men and women, young and old,
Raise the anthem manifold;
And let children's happy hearts
In this worship bear their parts.

f From the north to southern pole
Let the mighty chorus roll—
ff Holy, Holy, Holy One,
Glory be to God alone!

S. A. Brooke.

135 *Psalm cxxxvi.* 7s.

m Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods He is the God.

m He with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light.

He the golden-tressèd sun
Caused all day his course to run.

And the moon to shine by night
'Mong her spangled sisters bright.

p He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery.

m All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need.

f Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

J. Milton.

136 *The Lord of Life* L.M.

m LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

cr Sun of our life! Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day:
dim Star of our hope! Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

p Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
cr Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign:
dim All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

m Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is Truth, whose warmth is Love;
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
cr Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. Holmes.

137 *Thrice Holy.* 8.7.

f LORD, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
p Holy, holy, holy, Lord!

f Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
p 'Holy, holy, holy,' singing,
cr 'Lord of hosts, the Lord most High'!

m Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
Whilst our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite.
With his seraph train before Him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:—

f Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
p Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
m Thus, thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angel's cry,
p 'Holy, holy, holy,'—blessing
cr Thee, the Lord our God most High!

Bishop Mant.

138 *Love, Light, Life.* 7.7.7.5

m LOVE of love! as deep and free
As the all-absolving sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights! with morning shine;
Lift on us thy Light Divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven;
Shed a holy calm.

m Life of life, our Father be;
May we live and die to Thee;
er Till with saints hereafter we
Bear the glorious palm.

G Rorison.

139 *Psalm civ.* 10.10.11.11.

f O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above;
O gratefully sing his power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

m The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

p Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
cr Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

f O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation, though feeble their lays,
cr With true adoration shall sing to thy praise.

Sir. R. Grant.

140 *Praise the Lord.* 8.7.

f PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

m Praise Him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless;
f Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

p Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In his hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
cr Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows.

f Angels in the height, adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race;
ff Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

H. F. Lyte.

141 *Psalm c.* **L.M.**

f All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

m The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are his flock, He doth us feed,
And for his sheep He doth us take.

ff O, enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

m For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

f Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Angels and Saints his name adore!
With praise and joy for evermore.

W. Kethe.

142 *Praise.* 7s.

m All that's good, and great, and true,
All that is and is to be,
Be it old, or be it new,
Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.

Mercies dawn with every day,
Newer, brighter than before;
And the sun's declining ray,
Layeth others up in store.

Not a bird that doth not sing
Sweetest praises to thy name,
Not an insect on the wing
But thy wonders doth proclaim.

Every blade and every tree,
All in happy concert sing,
And in wondrous harmony
Join in praises to their King.

Far and near, o'er land and sea,
Mountain-top and wooded dell,
All, in singing, sing of Thee,
Songs of love ineffable.

Fill us then with love divine;
dim Grant that we, though toiling here,
cr May, in spirit being thine,
f See and hear Thee everywhere.

May we all with songs of praise,
Whilst on earth thy name adore,
Till with angel choirs we raise
Songs of praise for evermore.

G. Thring.

143 *All ye creatures.* 8.7.

f Angels holy, high and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living Nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

m Sun and moon bright, night and noon-light
Starry temples azure-floored,
f Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Ocean hoary, tell his glory:
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared!
m Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
f Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

m Rock and highland, wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
f Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

m Rolling river, praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
f Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

m Bond and free man, land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
f Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Praise Him ever, Bounteous Giver!
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
ff Praise the great and mighty Lord!

J. S. Blackie.

144 *Consecration to God.* 11.11.11.5.

f FATHER, O hear us, seeking now to praise Thee,
Thou art our hope, our confidence, our saviour;
Thou art the refuge of the generations,
Lord God Almighty.

Maker of all things, loving all thy creatures,
God of all goodness, infinite in mercy,
Changeless, eternal, holiest, and wisest,
m Hear Thou thy children.

We are thy children, asking Thee to bless us,
Banded together for a full obedience,
Mutual help and mutual refreshing,
Lord, in thy service.

Childhood shall learn to know Thee and revere Thee;
Manhood shall serve Thee, strong in power and knowledge;
Old age shall trust Thee, having felt thy mercy,
dim E'en 'mid the shadows.

m Bless Thou our purpose, consecrate our labours,
Keep us still faithful to the best and truest,
Guide us, protect us, make us not unworthy
Learners of Jesus.

f Glory and honour, thanks and adoration,
Still will we bring, O God of men and angels,
To Thee, the holy, merciful, and mighty,
Father, our Father.

D. Walmsley.

145 *In all.* L.M.

m God of the earth, the sky, the sea!
Maker of all above, below!
Creation lives and moves in Thee,
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thee in the lonely woods we meet,
On the bare hills or cultured plains,
In every flower beneath our feet,
And e'en the still rock's mossy stains.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is thy power; thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, 'Let there be light!'

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and Thyself are there,—
Th' Indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

Anon.

146 *Praise.* 10.10.7.

f Sing Hallelujah forth in duteous praise,
O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise
An endless Hallelujah.

Ye next, who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Hallelujah.

The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Hallelujah.

f In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Hallelujah.

m Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
f Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Hallelujah.

There in one glad acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Hallelujah.

p This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
This is the food and drink which none shall lack,
An endless Hallelujah.

f Almighty God, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Hallelujah.

Mozarabic Breviary, tr. J. Ellerton.

147 *The heavens declare the glory of God.* L.M.

f The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied Sun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

p Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
cr Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

m What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
cr And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that make us is divine.'

J. Addison.

148 *Praise.* Irr.

f The strain upraise of joy and praise,
Hallelujah!

To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing
Hallelujah!

And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky
Hallelujah!

m They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
The blessèd ones repeat through that bright home
f Hallelujah!

m The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say
f Hallelujah!

m Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
f Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
m Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your
Hallelujah!

f Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
m Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow;
Ye groves that wave in spring,
cr And glorious forests, sing
f Hallelujah!

m First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
f Hallelujah!

m Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again
Hallelujah!

f Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous
Hallelujah!

p There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus
Hallelujah!

f Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry
Hallelujah!
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
Hallelujah!

m To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid:
Hallelujah!

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord of all things loves:
Hallelujah!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ Himself approves:
Hallelujah!

f Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,
p And children's voices echo, answer making,
Hallelujah!

f Now from all men be outpoured
Hallelujah to the Lord;
With Hallelujah evermore
One God and Father we adore.

Godescalcus, tr. J. M. Neale.

149 *Rejoice.* 6.6.6.6.8.8.

f REJOICE! the Lord is King,
dim Your Lord and King adore;
cr Mortals! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
f **Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;**
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

m His wintry north-winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain ;
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain :
cr Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

m He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air ;
The vales their tribute bring,
And summer flowers are fair :
cr Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

m His autumn crowns the year ;
His flocks the hills adorn ;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn :
cr O happy mortals ! raise your voice ;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

m Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days !
cr O bring the eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

J. Taylor.

150 *What shall I render unto the Lord ?* 6, 4.

m To do thy holy Will
To bear the Cross ;
To trust thy mercy still
In pain or loss ;

Poor gifts are these to bring,
Dear Lord, to Thee,
cr Who hast done everything
For all, and me.

m For all thy glorious earth,
Thy stars and flowers,
For love and gentle mirth,
For happy hours,
For good by which we live,
For sweet sunshine;
What recompense can give
This heart of mine?

Thou, who enthroned above
Dost hear our call;
Oh, can our faithful love
Pay Thee for all?
Poor recompense to bring,
Dear Lord, to Thee,
cr Who hast done everything
For Man, and me.

G. Cooper

151 *Thanksgiving.* 7s.

m For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
cr Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

m For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
cr Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

m For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
cr Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

m For thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her full sacrifice of love,
f Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

F. S. Pierpoint.

152 *The Giver of all Good.* 8.8.8.4.

f O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

m The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
cr We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

m For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
cr Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

m We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

m Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
cr Repaid a thousandfold will be;
f Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all.

To Thee, from whom we all receive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give:
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.

153 *Worship.* 8.8.7.

m Gracious Power, the world pervading
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship Thee;

Not in formal adorations,
Nor with servile deprecations,
But in spirit true and free,

By thy wisdom mind is lighted,
By thy love the heart excited,
Light and love all flow from Thee;

And the soul of thought and feeling,
f In the voice thy praises pealing,
Must thy noblest homage be.

m Not alone in our devotion,
In all being, life, and motion,
We the present Godhead see.

Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship Thee.

W. J. Fox.

154 *Invocation.* L.M.

f UNTO thy temple, Lord, we come
With thankful hearts to worship Thee;
And pray that this may be our home
Until we touch eternity:—

The common home of rich and poor,
Of bond and free, and great and small;
Large as thy love for evermore,
And warm and bright and good to all.

m And dwell Thou with us in this place,
Thou and thy Christ, to guide and bless;
Here make the well-springs of thy grace
Like fountains in the wilderness.

May thy whole truth be spoken here;
Thy gospel light for ever shine;
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
And human life become divine.

R. Collyer.

155 *Pure Worship and Undefiled.* 11.10.

m O, HE whom Jesus loved has truly spoken
That holier worship, which God deigns to bless,
Restores the lost, and heals the spirit-broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there:
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow, with reverent steps, the great example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

J. G. Whittier.

156 *The Gate of Heaven.* L.M.

m OUR Father,—God, not face to face
May mortal sense commune with Thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells thy secret Majesty.

Yet whereso'er our spirits bend
In reverent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find thy spirit there.

Lord, be the spot, where now we meet,
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our deepest sins forgiven.

Here may desponding care look up,
And sorrow lay its burden down;
Or learn of Him to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

Here may the sick and wandering soul
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
Find better than Bethesda's pool,
Or than Siloam's healing wave.

And may we learn, while here apart
From the world's passion and its strife,
That thy true shrine's a loving heart,
And thy best praise a holy life.

E. H. Chapin.

157 *Glories that remain.* 8.7.

FAIRER grows the earth each morning
To the eyes that watch aright;
Every dew-drop sparkles warning
Of a miracle in sight;

Of some unsuspected glory
  Waiting in the old and plain;
Poet's dream nor traveller's story
  Words such wonders as remain.

Everywhere the gate of Beauty
  Fresh across the pathway swings,
As we follow truth or duty
  Inward to the heart of things;
And we enter, foolish mortals,
  Thinking now the heart to find,—
There to gaze on vaster portals!
  Still the Glory lies behind!

Faith I love! I love you deeper
  As I press your portals through,
Heeding not the call of keeper,
  Heeding sole the vision new!
All our creeds are hinting only
  Of a faith of nobler strain:
God is living! are we lonely,
  'Mid his glories that remain?

W. C. Gannet.

158 *Worship above and below.* 7s.

m Pleasant are thy courts above
  In the land of light and love;
p Pleasant are thy courts below
  In this land of sin and woe:
cr Oh, my spirit longs and faints
  For the converse of thy Saints,
  For the brightness of thy face,
  For thy fulness, God of grace.

m Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High;
p Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast;
Like the wandering Dove that found
No repose on earth around,
cr They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

m Happy souls, their praises flow
p In this vale of sin and woe;
cr Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
f On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy Throne at length,
p At thy feet adoring fall,
m Who hast led them safe through all.

p Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
m Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
cr Grace and glory flow from Thee:
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

H. F. Lyte.

159 *A Litany of Work and Worship.* 8.8.8.4.

f O THOU to whom our voices rise,
King of the earth, and air, and skies,
For all the blessings that we prize,
We thank Thee, Lord!

For work and rest, for home and friends,
For health and strength thy mercy sends,
That we may serve the noblest ends,
We thank Thee, Lord!

p For idle word and trifling thought,
For selfish pleasure we have sought,
cr When all for Thee we should have wrought,
p Forgive us, Lord!

From anger, pride, and selfish care,
From want of faith in work or prayer,
From sin that we would rashly dare,
O save us, Lord!

m We trust thy wisdom, love, and power:
When all is bright—when sorrows lower—
dim Through all our life—in death's last hour,
Be with us, Lord!

D. Agate.

160 *Nature's Worship.* C.M.

m The ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 't were a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given,
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand
As bends the human knee;
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer;
They kneel above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.

The sky is as a temple's arch;
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit march
Of messengers at prayer.

J. G. Whittier.

161 *The Book of Nature.* C.M.

m THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

p The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
cr But, where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

f One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing Angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind
Thy boundless power display;
p But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

m Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
cr Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

J. Keble.

162 *The garment thou seest Him by.* C.M.

m Thy seamless robe conceals Thee not
From earnest hearts and true:
The glory of thy perfectness
Shines all its texture through.
And on its flowing hem we read,
As Thou dost linger near,
The message of a love more deep
Than any depth of fear.

And so no more our hearts shall plead
For miracle and sign;
Thy order and thy faithfulness
Are all in all divine.
These are thy revelations vast
From earliest days of yore;
These are our confidence and peace:
We cannot wish for more.

J. W. Chadwick.

163 *The Father of all.* 6s.

m Upon one land alone
Has shone the holy light,
And all the world beside
Been left to walk in night?

Are only Christian men
The children of the Lord,
And have none others heard
The true life-giving word?

Is there one only name
In all the tribes of earth,
Through which the longing soul
May find its higher birth?

/ Nay, every land is thine;
All men thy children be;
And every name of truth
A star that leads to Thee.

M. J. Savage.

164 *The Spirit of Truth.* C.M.

m Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find ;—

How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin :
cr Hail, Truth divine ! we know thee now,
Angel of God, come in !

m Come, though with purifying fire,
And swift-dividing sword,
Thou of all nations the desire !
Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die :
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as not before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in his poor.

cr Flood our dark life with golden day ;
Convince, subdue, enthrall ;
f Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all.

Eliza Scudder.

165 *The silent Presence.* C.M.

p UNHEARD the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed;
And silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.

Night moves in silence round the pole,
The stars sing on unheard,
Their music pierces to the soul,
Yet borrows not a word.

Noiseless the morning flings its gold,
And still the evening's place;
And silently the earth is rolled
Amidst the vast of space.

cr In quietude thy Spirit grows
In man from hour to hour;
In calm eternal onward flows
Thy all-redeeming power.

p Lord, grant my soul to hear at length
Thy deep and silent voice:
To work in stillness, wait in strength,
With calmness to rejoice.

Anon.

166 *Whom but Thee.* 10s.

m THOU Life within my life, than self more dear,
Thou veilèd Presence infinitely dear,
From all my nameless weariness I flee
To find my centre and my rest in Thee.

Take part with me against these doubts that rise
And seek to throne Thee far in distant skies!
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares!

How can I call Thee who art always here,—
How shall I praise Thee who art still most dear,—
What may I give Thee save what Thou hast given,—
And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven?

Eliza Scudder.

167 *The Love of God.* C.M.

l Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall;
O Love of God most free!

m When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow;
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace;
l O Love of God most strong!

p The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
cr O Love of God most kind!

m But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win;
We know Thee by a dearer name;
p O Love of God within.

m And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
cr To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to Thee!

Eliza Scudder.

168 *The Will of God.* C.M.

m I worship Thee, sweet Will of God;
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love Thee more and more.

p When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
cr And leave the rest to Thee.

m I have no cares, O blessèd Will!
For all my cares are thine:
tr I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

m Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss;
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

f Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will, ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee take
The road that Thou hast gone.

m He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost:
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will!

F. W. Faber.

169 *Not alone.* C.M.

m YES! Thou art with me, and with Thee
I cannot be alone,
For joy shall bear me company,
dim And peace shall be my own.

p The solitude Thou hoverest nigh
Is peopled all with bliss:
cr The sandy waste, when Thou art by,
A verdant landscape is.

m There is no night, where Thou art seen:
No light can day afford,
Without thy rays to gild the scene—
Without thy presence, Lord!

Be with me ever! Ever bless
And ever guide—and be
In life's decay and death's distress,
On earth, in heaven, with me.

Sir J. Bowring.

170 *Visit me with thy salvation.* 6.10.

m WILT Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew;
Each blade of grass I see
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
The morning calls on me with cheering tone,
And every hill and tree
Has but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come! for I need thy love [rain:
More than the flower the dew, or grass the
cr Come, like thy holy Dove,
And, swift-descending, bid me live again.

m Yes! Thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

Jones Very.

171 *Where is thy God ?* S.M.

m WHERE is thy God, my soul ?
Is He within thy heart ;
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part ?

Where is thy God, my soul ?
Only in stars and sun ;
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one ?

Where is thy God, my soul ?
Confined to Scripture's page ;
Or does his Spirit check and guide
Thy spirit of each age ?

f O Ruler of the sky,
Rule Thou within my heart :
O, great Adorner of the world,
Thy light of life impart.

m Giver of holy words,
Bestow thy holy power,
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

f In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had ;
p I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
f And serve Thee when I'm glad,

T. T Lynch.

172 *Calling.* 12.13.12.10.

m FATHER, Thou art calling, calling to us plainly;
To the spirit comes thy loving message evermore:
Holy One, uplift us, nor forever vainly
Stand calling us and waiting at the door.

In the whirling tempest and the storm Thou livest,
In the rain, and in the sweetness of the after-glow;
Summer's golden bounty, winter's snow, Thou givest,
And blooming meadows where sweet waters flow.

Clearer still and dearer is thy voice appealing,
Deep within the spirit's secret being speaking low:
Enter, O our Father! truth and life revealing;
From every evil free us as we go.

In Thee living, moving, unto Thee uprearing
All the hope and joyfulness and trust that fill the soul,
Father, we adore Thee, asking naught nor fearing;
We cannot wander from thy dear control.

J. V. Blake.

173 *Through and through.* 6s.

m We name thy name, O God,
As our God call on Thee,
p Though the dark heart meantime
Far from thy ways may be.

m And we can own thy law,
And we can sing thy songs,
p While this sad inner soul
To sin and shame belongs.

m On us thy love may glow,
As the pure midday fire
p On some foul spot look down;
And yet the mire be mire.

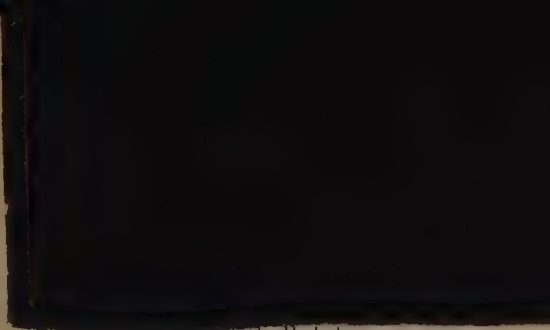
m Then spare us not thy fires,
The searching light and pain;
Burn out the sin; and, last,
With thy love heal again.

F. T. Palgrave.

174 *The Larger Faith.* C.M.

m We pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common the divine.

'Lo here, lo there,' no more we cry,
Dividing with our call
The mantle of thy presence, Lord,
That seamless covers all.



And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When Thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in Thee.

F. L. Hosmer.

175 *The secret place of the Most High.* C.M.

m THE Lord is in his Holy Place
In all things near and far!
Shekinah of the snowflake, He,
And Glory of the star,
And Secret of the April land
That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
To hold Him through the hours.

He hides Himself within the love
Of those whom we love best;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by Him possessed;
He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought;
We find Him not by seeking long,—
We lose Him not, unsought.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee, as to each new-born morning,
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessèd consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

p When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

m So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee:
cr Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
f Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

Harriet B. Stowe.

177 *God is Love.* C.M.

f Immortal Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

m Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
But love alone knows whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

f Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

m The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes:
cr The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

J. G. Whittier.

178 *Jesus.* C.M.

p He cometh not a king to reign,
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for Him.

m But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

J. G. Whittier.

179 *Incarnation.* C.M.

m O Love! O Life! our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As, through transfigured clouds of white,
We trace the noon-day Sun,—

So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in Thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

The homage that we render Thee
Is still our Father's own;
Nor jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the cross and throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds;
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

The heart shall ring thy Christmas bells,
Kind deeds thine altars raise,
Our faith and hope thy canticles
And our obedience praise.

J. G. Whittier.

180 *I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.* C.M.

m Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

Thou judgest us; thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

m Our thoughts lie open to thy sight;
And, naked to thy glance,
p Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

Yet weak and blinded though we be,
m Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee
And Thou rejectest none.

To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

r Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
m Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God!

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

m Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven.

p We faintly hear, we dimly see,
m In differing phrase we pray;
f But dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

J. G. Whittier.

181 *Consider the Lilies, how they grow.* 7.6.

f He hides within the lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air;
m He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
With Him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
cr And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As, brightening down the ages,
God's secret thrilleth through,

f O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the Man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan.

The flower-horizons open!
The blossom vaster shows!
We hear thy wide worlds echo,—
See how the lily grows!

Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought;
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all!

W. C. Gannett.

182 *All Truth leads to God.* C.M.

m FATHER, by whatsoever light
Our path of life we see,
It matters not, so at the last
It leadeth us to Thee.

We thank Thee for the star that rose
O'er old Judæa bright;
And that its deathless ray still shines,
To fill our souls with light.

We thank Thee, too, that other stars
O'er other lands have shone,
To guide the stumbling feet of those
Who toward Thee struggle on.

Thou, many names of saving power,
Hast given unto men;
And each new truth that lifts the world
Is God come down again.

M. J. Savage.

183 *The Word of the Lord abideth for ever.* 8.7.

God of ages and of nations!
Every race, and every time,
Hath received thine inspirations,
Glimpses of thy truth sublime.
Ever spirits, in rapt vision,
Passed the heavenly veil within;
Ever hearts, bowed in contrition,
Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noble aspiration,
Truth in growing clearness saw;
Conscience spoke its condemnation,
Or proclaimed the Eternal Law.
While thine inward revelations
Told thy saints their prayers were heard,
Prophets to the guilty nations
Spoke thine everlasting word.

Lord, that word abideth ever;
Revelation is not sealed;
Answering unto man's endeavour,
Truth and Right are still revealed.
That which came to ancient sages,
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
Written in the heart's deep pages,
Shines to-day, for ever new!

S. Longfellow.

184 *Heaven not afar off.* 10s.

f FATHER, thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed:
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

In finding Thee are all things round us found;
p In losing Thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

m Open our eyes that we that world may see,
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear,
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near.

Jones Very.

185 *Love supreme in God.* L.M.

m O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appal,
That saw not Love supreme in Thee.

p We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know Thee truly but in this,
cr That Thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh, grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide:
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only guide.

Bestow on every joyous thrill
A deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

J. Sterling.

186 *Very near* L.M.

O, SOMETIMES comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spirit-mysteries.

The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer.

Then all our sorrow, pain, and doubt
A great compassion clasps about;
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.

Then, Duty leaves to Love its task,
The beggar Self forgets to ask;
We feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The One True Life our own renew.

J. G. Whittier.

187 *Old and New.* L.M.

m O, SOMETIMES gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man!

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear,
To find the Orient's marvels here;
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves,
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude find its way;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore:
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

J. G. Whittier.

188 *Greeting.* L.M.

m O Life that maketh all things new,
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows;
f The seekers of the Light are one;

One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,
The Life that maketh all things new.

S. Longfellow.

189 *Abide in Me.* 10s.

m That mystic word of thine, O sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
p I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee!

p Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee!
From this good hour, O leave me never more!
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

m Abide in me; o'ershadow by thy love
Each half-formed purpose, and dark thought of sin;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as thine, calm and divine.

p As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

m Abide in me; there have been moments blest,
When I have heard thy voice and felt thy power,
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion hushed
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

p These were but seasons, beautiful and rare;
f Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
Fulfil at once thy precept and my prayer—
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee!

Harriet B. Stowe.

190 *To know God.* 8s.

m O God, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below;
Give me my deep, my long request,
To me, at last, thy goodness show.
cr Thy beatific face display,
In brightness of eternal day.

m Grant me thy righteous power to know,
Fill me with hope, and love, and faith;
My peace in joy, my joy in woe,
Redeem me with thy life from death.
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
cr Reveal thy love, thy glorious name.

m I cannot see thy face, and live;
cr Then let me see thy face, and die!
Now, Lord, my longing soul receive;
Give me on eagle's wings to fly
Above the worlds of death and night,
And find Thee, throned in boundless light.

C. Wesley.

191 *Listening for God.* C.M.

m I HEAR it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light,—
Where *is* the voice that calls to me
With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars!

/ Oh, may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A *spirit-sky*, that opens with
Those voices of surprise?
And can it be, by night and day,
That firmament serene
Is just the heaven, where God Himself,
The Father, dwells unseen?

m O God within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be Judge, be Friend, be Father still,
And in thy heaven reign!
Thy heaven is mine,—my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory,
They breathe my 'Peace, be still!'
They ever seem to say,—'My child,
Why seek me so all day;
Now journey inward to thyself,
And listen by the way!'

W. C. Gannett.

192 *Inspiration.* 7s.

/ Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined:
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind.

Secret of the morning stars,
Motion of the oldest hours,
Pledge through elemental wars
Of the coming spirit's powers!

Rolling planet, flaming sun,
Stand in nobler Man complete;
Prescient laws thine errands run,
Frame a shrine for Godhead meet.

Homeward led, the wondering eye
Upward yearned, in joy or awe,
For the Love that waited nigh,
Guidance of thy guardian Law.

In the touch of earth it thrilled!
Down from mystic skies it burned!
Right obeyed and passion stilled
Its eternal gladness earned!

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good;

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track;
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back,—

r Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

S. Johnson.

193 *Inspiration.* L.M.

m O FOR that flame of living fire
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

O for the spirit which of old
Proclaimed thy love and taught thy ways,
Forth in Isaiah's thunder rolled,
Breathed in the Psalmists' tenderest lays.

O for that spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Jesus' breast and sealed Him thine;
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine.

Is not thy word as mighty now
As when those prophets felt its power?
The ancient days remember Thou,
The ancient inspiration shower.

194 *Unfolding.* 7s.

m O ETERNAL Life, whose power
Gathers ages to a span,
From whose being breaks the flower,
From whose glory groweth man,

By the whisper of whose breath
Atoms wake that seem but death,
With whose silent-working will
The eternal ages thrill—

f Lord of Life, to heaven tower
Spires of being high and grand,
Till on man Thou lay the power
That he serve with heart and hand;
Till Thou flood him with thy light
That he see Thee with his sight,
Who art Reason, who art Right,
Majesty of Love and Might!

Not on earth the glory ends;
In unnumbered worlds it reigns;
From Eternity descends,
To Eternity remains.
m When the things we hear and see
Vanish in life's mystery,
cr Still, all glories that can be
Wait in thine Infinity.

J. V. Blake.

195 *The Blessed Life.* L.M

m O BLESSÈD life! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, made ours, the best.

O blessèd life! the mind that sees—
Whatever change the years may bring—
Some good still hid in every thing,
And shining through all mysteries.

O blessèd life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense,—beyond, to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

O blessèd life! heart, mind, and soul
From selfish aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity
And loyal to the Lord's control.

O life! how blessèd! how divine!
High life, the earnest of a higher!
Father, fulfil my deep desire
And let this blessèd life be mine.

W. Tidd Matson.

196 *Rising to God.* P.M.

m Mysterious Spirit, unto whom
Is known my sad and earth-bound frame;
Thou whom my soul, 'midst doubt and gloom,
Adoreth with a fervent flame;
cr Give me the speed of bird or wind,
Or torrent rushing to the sea,
That soaring upwards I may find
dim My resting-place in Thee.

m Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go,
Swift as the eagle's wing of fire,
Or arrows from the lightning's bow,
To God, the goal of my desire!
p The weary tempest sleeps at last,
The torrent in the sea finds rest;
cr Let me not always be outcast,
p Lord! take me to thy breast.

m My prayer hath pierced to God—The life,
The resurrection power is mine:
From sin and grief, from pain and strife,
cr I rise on wings of love divine;
Swifter than torrent, tempest, light,
I fly to my serene abode,
And on the last and holiest height,
Find rest and joy in God.

Lamartine, tr. J. G. Whittier.

197 *Nearer to Thee.* 6.4.

m NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
cr Still all my song shall be,—
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

p Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
cr Yet in my dreams I'd be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

m There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
cr Angels to beckon me
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

m Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
cr So by my woes to be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

f Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
cr Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

198 *A life hidden in God.* 7s.

m LET my life be hid in Thee,
Life of life and Light of light!
Love's illimitable sea!
Depth of peace, of power the height!

Let my life be hid in Thee
From vexation and annoy;
Calm in thy tranquillity,
All my mourning turned to joy.

Let my life be hid in Thee
When alarms are gathering round,
Covered with thy panoply,
Safe within thy holy ground.

Let my life be hid in Thee
When my strength and health shall fail;
Let thine immortality
In my dying hour prevail.

Let my life be hid in Thee,
In the world and yet above;
Hid in thine eternity,
In the ocean of thy love.

Anon.

199 *Life in God.* 7.6.

m I READ of 'many mansions'
Within the house divine;
I need not go to find them,
For one of them is mine;
God lives in mine, and loves me;
Who else could bring the day?
Who spread the sleep upon me?
Who give me hands to play?

And when I say 'Our Father,'
It seems so far to pray,
To think of heaven up yonder
I can but turn and say:
p 'Dear Father, close beside me,
I feel Thee dimly near,
In every face that loves me,
In each kind word I hear.'

m He's the touch of mother's fingers,
So full of love and care;
He's the pleasantness of trying—
The help inside the prayer.

I do not understand it,
But so it seems to be,
There always is that Other,
Whom I but dimly see.

W. C. Gannett.

200 *Life in God.* 11.10.

In Infinite Spirit, who art round us ever,
In whom we float as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever
Which binds us to our unseen Friend on high:—

Unseen, yet not unfelt; if any thought
Has raised our minds from earth, a pure desire,
A generous act, a noble purpose brought,
It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me, the humblest of thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That I may live to glorify thy name;—

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on Thee still.

J. F. Clarke.

201 *God our all in all.* 8s.

m THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if Thou art mine.
From sin, and grief, and shame I fly,
To shelter in thy fortress high.

For Thou, O God, my fulness art,
dim My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
m The medicine of my broken heart,
In war my peace, in loss my gain:
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown.

In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my Almighty power,
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in dark temptation's hour,
In grief my joy unspeakable,
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

f Thee will I love, my strength, my tower!
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all thy works and Thee alone!
And though my flesh and heart decay,
cr Thee shall I love in endless day.

C. Wesley.

202 *The merciful God.* 8.7.8.7.8.8.

p Though we long, in sin-wrought blindness,
From thy gracious paths have strayed,
Cold to Thee and all thy kindness,
Wilful, reckless, or afraid;
Through dim clouds that gather round us
m Thou hast sought, and Thou hast found us.

p Oft from Thee we veil our faces,
Children-like, to cheat thine eyes;
Sin, and hope to hide the traces;
From ourselves, ourselves disguise;
'Neath the webs enwoven round us
m Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.

Sudden, 'midst our idle chorus,
O'er our sin thy thunders roll,
p Death his signal waves before us,
Night and terror take the soul;
Till through double darkness round us
m Looks a star—and Thou hast found us.

O most merciful, most holy,
Light thy wanderers on their way;
Keep us ever thine, thine wholly,
Suffer us no more to stray!
Cloud and storm oft gather round us:
We were lost, but Thou hast found us.

F. T. Palgrave.

203 *All things are thine.* 8s.

f Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see:
m Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:
f Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

p When day with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,—
m Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

p When night with wings of starry gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
m That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

p When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye,—
f Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

T. Moore.

204 *Thine for ever.* 7s.

m THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Keep us in the righteous way,
cr Bring us to the realms of day.

m Thine for ever! oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever! Father, keep
p Us thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
cr Let us all thy goodness share.

m Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
cr Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary F. Maude.

205 *The Lord is my Shepherd.* 8.6.8.4.

f THE God of love my Shepherd is,
My gracious, constant Guide;
I shall not want, for I am his:
In all supplied.

m In his green pastures do I feed,
And there lie down at will;
He leads me in my thirsty need
By waters still.

m His tenderness restores my soul,
When sick and faint I roam;
cr Shows the right path and makes me whole,
f Bearing me home.

mf Yea! the dark valley when I tread,
No evil will I fear,
Thy rod and staff dispel my dread;
I feel Thee near.

mf Thou spread'st my table 'mid my foes,
The oil of grace is mine,
My cup with mercy overflows
And love divine.

f Goodness and mercy all my days
My daily song shall be,
Till heavenly anthems fill with praise
Eternity.

G. Rawson.

206 *The Shepherd* **L.M.**

m Where dost Thou feed thy favoured sheep?
O my Belovèd, tell me where;
My soul within thy pastures keep,
And guard me with thy tender care.

Too prone, alas, to turn aside,
  Too prone with alien flocks to stray;
Be Thou my Shepherd, Thou my Guide,
  And lead me in thy heavenly way.

If thou wouldst know, thou favoured one,
  Where soul-refreshing pastures be;
Feed on my words of truth alone,
  And walk with those who walk with Me.
I with the contrite spirit dwell;
  The broken heart is mine abode;
Such spikenard yields a fragrant smell,
  And such are all the saints of God.

R. Pope.

207 *The Lord is my Stay.* 11.10.11.6.

p When on my day of life the night is falling,
  And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
  My feet to paths unknown;

m Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
  Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
  Be Thou my strength and stay!

p Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
  Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
  The love which answers mine.

m I have but Thee, my Father! let thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place;

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows for ever through heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

J. G. Whittier.

208 *The Lord is my Refuge.* 8.7.

m Call the Lord thy sure salvation;
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.

There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noon-day wasting;
From the noisome pestilence,
Through the midnight city hasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.

Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
Though a thousand arrows fly;
He shall still thy soul deliver
From his rock of strength on high.

Though the winds and waves are swelling,
He shall bear thee safe through all;
cr God Himself shall be thy dwelling,
Though the very heaven fall.

p And when death thy soul deliver
From the peril of the world,
Thou shalt be on high for ever,
Safely in his feathers furled.

All the trouble and temptation,
Hushed upon the heavenly shore;
cr Satisfied with God's salvation,
f Crowned with life for evermore.

J. Montgomery.

209 *Our Stronghold.* 8.7.6.6.6.7.

f A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
m The ancient prince of hell
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour,
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
f But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
m Ask ye, Who is this same?
cr Christ Jesus is his name,
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

m And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? His doom is writ;
f A word shall quickly slay him.

m God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by his finger.

And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
cr These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

M. Luther, tr. T. Carlyle.

210 *Our Refuge.* 8.8.8.6.

p STRANGERS and pilgrims here below,
In want, in weakness, and in woe,
To whom, O Father, should we go,
To whom but unto Thee?

m To whom, when hating what is ill,
We find our strength unequal still
To do, although we love, thy will,
p To whom but unto Thee?

m To whom, with all our faults and fears,
With all our toils and all our tears,
Pouring them into loving ears,
p To whom but unto Thee?

m To whom, when all around appears
Against us, and too anxious fears
Look trembling up the coming years,
p To whom but unto Thee!

To whom, when gloomy Death appals,
And the cold shadow darkly falls
Along our happy household walls,
To whom but unto Thee?

G. W. Robinson.

211 *The Spirit of good.* 7s.

m Source of good, whose power controls
Every movement of our souls;
Wind that quickens where it blows;
Comforter of human woes;
Flame of pure and holy love;
Strength of all that live and move;
cr Come! Thy gifts and fire impart;
Make me love Thee from the heart!

p As the stag, with longing, craves
For the stream's refreshing waves,
Heated in the burning chase;
cr So my soul desires thy grace;
So my heavy-laden breast,
By the cares of life oppressed,
Longs thy water brooks to taste
In this dry and barren waste.

m Mighty Spirit; by whose aid
Man a living soul was made;
Everlasting God! whose fire
Kindles high and pure desire;
Grant, in every grief and loss,
I may calmly bear the cross,
dim And, when strife has ceased to be,
Find eternal peace in Thee.

J. Frank, tr. R. Massie.

212 *The Light of Life.* 8s.

m Spirit of grace, Thou Light of Life
Amidst the darkness of the dead!
Bright Star, whereby through worldly strife
The patient pilgrim still is led!

Thou Dayspring in the deepest gloom,
Wildered and dark, to Thee I come!

Pure fire of God, burn out my sin,
Cleanse all the earthly dross from me;
Refine my secret heart within,
The golden streams of love set free!
cr Live Thou in me, O Life divine;
Until my deepest love be thine.

m O Breath from far Eternity!
Breathe o'er my soul's unfertile land;
So shall the pine and myrtle-tree
Spring up amidst the desert-sand;
cr And where thy living water flows,
My heart shall blossom as the rose.

m Let me in will and deed and word
Obey Thee as a little child,
And in thy love abide, O Lord,
For ever pure and undefiled:
Teach me to work and strive and pray,
And keep me in thy heavenward way.

Tr. from G. Tersteegen.

213 *Our Leader.* 10.10.10.10.6.6.

m He leads us on
By paths we did not know:
p Upward He leads us though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
cr Yet when the clouds are gone,
m We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all th' unquiet years;
p Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears,
He guides our steps, through all the tangled maze
Of losses, sorrows, and o'er-clouded days;
m We know his will is done;
And still He leads us on.

p And He, at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

N. L. Zinzendorf, tr. Jane Borthwick.

214 *The Vow.* S.M.

m God of the earnest heart—
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength for ever art
We come to do thy will!

Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God;

'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live;

To draw thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown,
The spirit's Godlikeness.

No dreams from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue,—
Lord, in thy rest may we be calm,
Through thy completeness strong.

Thou hearest while we pray;
O deep within us write,
cr With kindling power, our God, to-day,
Thy word,—*(f)* 'On earth be light.'

S. Johnson.

215 *Providence.* C.M.

m God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

m Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper.

216 *Help is nigh.* 8.5.8.3.

m God is near thee, therefore cheer thee;
Rest in Him, sad soul!
He'll defend thee, when around thee
Billows roll.

Calm thy sadness, look in gladness
To thy Friend on high!
Faint and weary pilgrim, cheer thee!
Help is nigh!

Mark the sea-bird wildly wheeling
Through the stormy skies!
God defends him, God attends him,
When he cries.

Fare thee onward, through the sunshine,
Or through wintry blast:
Fear forsake thee, God will take thee
Home at last.

217 *God a Refuge.* 8s.

m FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly:
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
dim Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray,
cr Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

m Long have we roamed in want and pain;
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed.
p Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
cr Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

Bishop Heber.

218 *The Stay unseen.* 8.8.8.6.

m O HOLY Father, Friend unseen!
Since on thine arm Thou bid'st me lean,
Help me throughout life's varying scene,
p By faith to cling to Thee!

m Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
dim Thy voice of love in gentlest tone
p Whispers 'Still cling to Me!'

m What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
p Still would I cling to Thee.

m Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside,
But safe, and calm, and satisfied,
p In love to cling to Thee!

m Blest is my lot whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appal,
cr While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
dim Father, I cling to Thee?

Charlotte Elliott.

219 *Our Refuge.* 8.8.6.

m O God, Thou art my fortress high,
My refuge when the storm is nigh,
My joy, my hope divine!
cr Descend in power upon my life,
Through change and stillness, pain and strife,
Preserve me wholly thine.

m Since fear and doubt are round my way,
And past desires upon me prey,
p Be gracious to my soul:
m Let me forget the sinful years,
Bring the deep love that casts out fears,
The hopes that life control,

cr Kindle in me thy righteous fire
Till I have only one desire—
The love of Holy Love;
m Till sin and grief I shall forget,
And all my soul with freedom set
To gain thy home above.

This path of life to me display,
And lead me in Thyself the way,
Till all thy grace is given:
cr Then to thy righteousness unite,
And bear me through the spheres of light,
To brighter light in Heaven.

C. Wesley.

220 *At the fountain.* C.M.

m O God, unseen, but ever near,
Our blessèd rest art Thou;
And we, in love that hath no fear,
Take refuge with Thee now.

p All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And weary with the way;
We seek thy shelter from the heat
And burden of life's day.

m Oh, welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of thy love;
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
The manna from above!

Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of thine,
cr Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

S. Longfellow.

221 *Casting all care upon God.* 8.8.6.

m O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

p How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
cr Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thine Almighty arms!

p Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
cr Then rise with lightened cheer;
m Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

p We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
cr But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

m Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's Will,
dim And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction peace. *J. Anstice.*

222 *The love of God.* 8s

m My God, why dost Thou longer stay?
I thirst to know Thee as Thou art;
Weary and faint with long delay!
cr When wilt Thou come within my heart,
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And satisfy my soul with Thee?

cr Come, O Thou universal good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wandering pilgrims home;
Haven to take the shipwrecked in,
My everlasting rest from sin!

cr Come, O my comfort, O my way, [rest;
My strength and health, my shield and
Still lead me lest I go astray,
dim And bear me on thy gentle breast;
p And if I wander in the wild,
Seek and forgive thy sinful child.

m Oh, grant that nothing in my heart
May dwell, but thy pure love alone,
Let all strange fires from me depart,
And wandering passion be unknown.
Thy deeper love drive out all love
I may not keep with Thee above.

p In suffering, be thy love my peace,
In weakness, be thy love my power;
dim And when the storms of life shall cease,
My Father, in that lonely hour,
r In tenderness eternal rise,
And light my soul to Paradise. *C. Wesley.*

223 *If any comfort of love.* 8s.

m I HAVE no comfort but thy love;
Without it, life is death to me;
Joyless through all its joys I move,
Hopeless through all its misery;
cr Yet, trusting Thee, I daily prove
The blessèd comfort of thy love.

m Thou art the Rock on which I stand,
When round me rages life's rough sea,
Mine anchor, and my sheltering strand,
The haven where my soul would be:
cr Daily I feel, and nightly prove
The blessèd comfort of thy love.

O lift me higher, nearer Thee,
And as I rise more pure and meet,
dim O let my soul's humility
Make me lie lower at thy feet;
m Less trusting self the more I prove
The blessèd comfort of thy love.

Grateful my songs arise to Thee,
With morning's dawn and evening's fall;
For Thou hast ever been to me
cr My light, my life, mine all in all:
m My day is night, if Thou remove!
cr Give me all comfort in thy love.

J. S. B. Monsell.

224 *The Giver of all good.* 7s.

m LORD of power, Lord of might;
God and Father of us all;
Lord of day and Lord of night,
dim Listen to our solemn call;
cr Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer, and songs of praise.

m Light and love and life are thine,
Great Creator of all good;
cr Fill our souls with light divine;
Give us, with our daily food,
Blessings from thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.

m Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for thy name;
Bid us, ere the day departs
Spread afar our Maker's fame:
cr Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

m Full of years and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
dim When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal Love
pp Call us to our home above.

G. Thring.

225 *My Father.* 10s

m Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast
cr Who opes his arms, and bids the weary come;
m With Him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am his, and He is mine.

Yes, He is mine! and naught of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego his love an hour!
cr 'Go worthless world,' I cry, 'with all that's thine!
Go: I my Father's am, and He is mine.'

m The good I have is from his stores supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possessed;
Changes may come: I take, or I resign;
cr Content while I am his, while He is mine.

m Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen,
A glorious sun, that wanes not nor declines;
Above the clouds and storm He walks serene,
And sweetly on his people's darkness shines:
All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,
cr While I my Father's am, while He is mine.

m He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe,
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
d/m Which, in return, before his feet I throw;
Grieved that I cannot better grace his shrine
cr Who deigns to own me his, as He is mine.

m While here, alas! I know but half his love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore,
cr But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more;
And feel, and tell amid the choir divine,
How fully I am his, and He is mine.

H. F. Lyte.

226 *God is love.* 8s.

m Let all men know, that all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;
That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain.

m That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth we may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led;
Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day!

And we on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last!
f Let all men count it true that love,—
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

Archbishop Trench.

227 *The fulness of Divine love.* 8.8.6.

m O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
cr I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of God to me.

m Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

Jesus, Thou know'st the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
cr For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

m For ever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
cr My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice.

C. Wesley.

228 *God is love.* 8.7

m God is love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

p Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
f But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

m E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth·
f God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
f Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir J. Bowring.

229 *The love of God.* 8.7.

m Souls of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

Was there ever kindest shepherd,
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Father who would have us
Come and gather round his feet?

f There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
m There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

p There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

f There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

m If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. Faber.

230 *God is love.* 8.8.8.4.

m We cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost move
f But we can always surely say
That Thou art love.

p When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth,—our souls to heaven above,
m As to their sanctuary, spring;
For Thou art love.

p When mystery shrouds our darkened path,
m We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove;
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
That Thou art love.

f Yes, Thou art love; and truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;
Our God is love.

Sir J. Bowring.

231 *He careth for us.* 8.7.

m Yes, for me, for me He careth,
With a father's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.

But now I pray for Love:
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan;—

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

Mrs. E. D. Cheney.

234 *Prayer for aid.* 10.10.10.10.6.

m We ask not that our path be always bright,
But for thine aid to walk therein aright;
That Thou, O Lord! through all its devious way,
Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day,
p For this, for this we pray.

m Not for the fleeting joys that earth bestows,
Not for exemption from its many woes;
But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,
With childlike faith we trust thy guidance still,
p And do thy holy will.

m Teach us, dear Lord, to find the latent good,
That sorrow yields when rightly understood;
f And for the frequent joy that crowns our days,
Help us, with grateful hearts, our hymns to raise
Of thankfulness and praise.

m Thou knowest all our needs, and wilt supply;
No veil of darkness hides us from thine eye;
Nor vainly from the depths on Thee we call;
Thy tender love, that breaks the tempter's thrall,
Folds and encircles all.

p Through sorrow and through loss, by toil and prayer,
f Saints won the starry crowns which now they wear,
p And by the bitter ministry of pain,
Grievous and harsh, but oh! not felt in vain,
Found their eternal gain.

m If it be ours, like them, to suffer loss,
Give grace, as unto them, to bear our cross,
Till, victors over each besetting sin,
We, too, thy perfect peace shall enter in,
f And crowns of glory win.

W. H. Burleigh.

235 *Seeking God.* 8s.

m Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
p Inly I sigh for thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

m Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
cr Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee!

m O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its hidden mazes there;
Make me thy loving child, that I
Ceaseless may 'Abba, Father,' cry!

p Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
'I am thy love, thy God, thy all!'
cr To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To know thy truth, be all my choice.

G. Tersteegen, tr. J. Wesley.

236 *Seeking.* 7s.

m THIRSTING for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

Glorious hopes our spirit fill,
When we feel that Thou art near:
Father! then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.

Make us beautiful within
By thy spirit's holy light:
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might.

F. P. Appleton.

237 *Hear Thou from heaven.* 7.5.8.8.

m When the weary, seeking rest,
To thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At thy feet shall fall:
f Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven thy dwelling-place on high.

m When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek thy face;
p When the burdened brings his guilt
To thy throne of grace:
f Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven thy dwelling-place on high.

m When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the suppliant knee:
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
f Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven thy dwelling-place on high.

Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd Name:
f Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven thy dwelling-place on high.

m When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth or maiden fair;
p When the agèd, weak, and grey,
Seek thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan-woe:
f Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven thy dwelling-place on high.

p When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
When thy waiting, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
Come, O Father, come,
f Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven thy dwelling-place on high.

H. Bonar.

Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of thy grace;
Let me find in thine employ
Peace, that dearer is than joy.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant!

Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

J. G. Whittier.

239 *Shield thy servants.* 7s.

m Gracious Father! hear our prayer,
Leave us not, lest we despair;
Let thine arm our safeguard be,
Hear the prayer we raise to Thee:
cr God of power, and God of might,
Shield thy servants in the fight!

f Soldiers of the Cross, we stand,
Armed for battle by thine hand;
Rock of strength to Thee we fly!
dim Hide us in adversity!
cr God of power, and God of might,
Shield thy servants in the fight!

m Lasting are thy mercies, Lord,
Truth eternal is thy word;
Justice is thy dazzling throne,
Yet Thou reign'st by love alone.
cr God of power, and God of might,
Shield thy servants in the fight!

f Let the glorious Heavens sing,
Hallelujah to our King!
Earth and seas! repeat the word,
Men and Angels praise the Lord.
O Defender of the right,
Shield thy servants in the fight!

C. Wesley and S. A. Brooke.

240 *Aspiration.* 8.7.

m God eternal, changing never,
Of our hearts the strength and stay;
We would be thine own for ever,
Climb, though weak, the heavenly way;
Ever nearer,
To thy pure and perfect day.

May we not draw forth new treasure,
From thy wisdom's boundless store?
Tak'st Thou not, blest Spirit, pleasure,
On each age thy breath to pour?
Strong and holy,
Com'st Thou not, as heretofore?

By each gift of our receiving
From thy witnesses divine;
By the radiance of achieving
Which on us from Christ doth shine,
Hear us, hear us!
f God Almighty, help us on.

m Make our own a nobler story,
Than was ever writ before;
cr Stay not then, show forth thy glory
In our aftercomers more.
Love eternal!
Fuller grace incessant pour.

241 *Confession.* 11.11.11.5.

m From the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends; O Father! hear it;
Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness,
p Forgive its weakness.

m I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee;—
What can I offer in thy presence holy,
But sin and folly?

For in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our lips repeat them—
p Our hearts forget them.

m We see thy hand—it leads us, it supports us;—
We hear thy voice—it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away! and still thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

O how long-suffering, Lord, but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering: Thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Who can resist thy gentle call—appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling?
Thy voice paternal—whispering, watching ever?
O let *me* never.

Father and Saviour, plant within my bosom
The seeds of holiness,—and bid them blossom
In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Sir J. Bowring.

242 *Prayer of the desolate.* 7s.

m God! be merciful to me;
For my spirit trusts in Thee,
And to Thee, her refuge, springs:
Be the shadow of thy wings
Round my trembling spirit cast,
Till this storm be overpast.

p From the waterfloods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul
Take me, O my Father, take,
For thy loving-kindness' sake:
If thy truth from me depart,
That rebuke will break my heart.

cr Foes increase; they close me round;
dim Friend nor comforter is found;
Sore temptations now assail;
Hope and strength and courage fail:
cr Turn not from thy servant's grief;
Hasten, Lord, to my relief.

m Poor and sorrowful am I;
Set me, O my God, on high;
Wonders Thou for me hast wrought;
Nigh to death my soul is brought:
cr Save me, Lord, in mercy save;
Lest I sink below the grave.

m Hark! He hears me from on high,
'Child of sorrow— it is I!
Thou shalt strive and weep no more,
Come and see my happy shore,
Rest and live and love with me,
I am thine eternity.' *J. Montgomery.*

243 *For Divine Strength.* 11.10.

m FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of Trust and Strength and Calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair, oh, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love:
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
Of Trust and Strength and Calmness from above.

S. Johnson.

244 *The Prayer of Life.* 8.7.

m Father, hear the prayer we offer:
Not for ease that prayer shall be;
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
cr Father, be Thou at our side.

Anon.

245 *My soul thirsteth for God.* S.M.

p Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, 'Blest Spirit, come,
cr And speed me to my rest.'

m Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How shall I sing a cheerful song,
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
dim My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

m To thee, to thee, I press
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
cr And reach the Saints' abode?

m God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast;
p O guide me through the desert here,
cr And bring me home at last.

H. F. Lyte.

246 *The Unity of the Spirit.* 10s.

f ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day,
m Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by Thee.

We are of Thee, the children of thy love,
The brothers of thy well-beloved Son;
p Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts that we may be as one,—
m As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
f One with the joy that breaketh into song,
p One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
m One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

f O clothe us with thy heavenly armour, Lord,—
Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine.
m Our inspiration be thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

J. W. Chadwick.

247 *I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me.* 8s.

m COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
cr With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

p I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there;
cr But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

m Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
cr Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

p Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer;
cr Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is Love.

m My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
cr I see Thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

m 'Tis Love! 'tis Love, Thou lovest me!
dim I hear thy whisper in my heart;
cr The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal Love Thou art;
f To me, to all, thy mercies move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

C. Wesley.

248 *Come.* P.M.

m COME thou Source of sweetest gladness,
From the immeasurable height
Scatter all our sin and sadness,
cr Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!

m All pervading God, whose love
Joins us here with those above;
cr Grant us thy illumination,
Sanctify this congregation.

m Come and bring with Thee thy treasure!
Love and meekness, joy and peace,
Gentleness that knows no measure,
Truths that prisoned hearts release,
Purity, and faith in right,
Thirst of holiness, and light.
cr Hear, O hear our supplication,
Dwell within this congregation.

m In the stress of life's temptations
Be our comfort, strong to save;
dim When we die, be Thou our patience,
When we're buried, be our grave!
cr And when from the grave we rise,
Bear us far beyond the skies,
There to perfect all salvation
In the vaster congregation.

C. Wesley and S. A. Brooke.

249 *Guardian and Guide.* C.M.

m Be Thou my Guardian and my Guide,
And hear me when I call;
Let not my slippery footsteps slide,
And hold me lest I fall.

p The world, the flesh, and evil dwell
Around the path I tread;
cr O save me from the snares of hell,
Thou Quickener of the dead.

p And if I tempted am to sin,
And outward things are strong,
cr Do Thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
And save my soul from wrong.

m Still let me ever watch and pray,
p And feel that I am frail;
That if temptation cross my way,
cr Yet it may not prevail.

p Then in the last and loneliest hour
I shall have no alarms,
cr But underneath me feel in power
Thine everlasting arms.

I. Williams.

250 *Everlasting Love.* 8s.

m O Thou Whom fain my soul would love,
Whom I would gladly die to know;
This veil of unbelief remove,
And show me, all thy goodness show:
cr Reveal, O God, thy life and light,
And scatter all my sin and night.

m Hast Thou been with me, Lord, so long,
Yet Thee, my Lord, have I not known?
dim I pray Thee with a faltering tongue,
Here, silent, in my heart, alone—
p Tell me, oh tell me who Thou art,
And speak thy Name into my heart.

m From Thee and from thy love removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro;
And all my selfish will has roved
Where loud the winds of passion blow:
cr Back to my God at last I fly,
For oh, the waters still are high!

m The anxious strife, the eager race,
The cares of self, for Thee I leave;
Put forth thine hand, thine hand of grace;
Into the ark of Love receive;
vclim Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And still it, Father, on thy breast.

m Fill with inviolable peace,
Stablish and keep my settled heart;
In Thee may all my wanderings cease,
From Thee no more may I depart:
cr Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
Loved with an everlasting Love.

C. Wesley.

251 *Remember me.* C.M.

m O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
p In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me!

When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
r Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart
Good Lord, remember me!

m When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day;
p Good Lord, remember me!

If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
cr Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
p Good Lord, remember me!

And oh! when in the hour of death
I bow to thy decree,
To Thee I give my parting breath;
pp Good Lord, remember me!

T. Haweis.

252 *The inner calm.* C.M.

m CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
p Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

m Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in my hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
p Like Him who bore my shame;
m Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate thy holy name;

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

H. Bonar.

253 *The pure and peaceful mind.* 8.6.

m DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

p With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress;
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

m Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb—its heats expire:
cr Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
dim O still small voice of calm!

J. G. Whittier.

254 *Peace.* 10.4.

m Immortal Love, within whose righteous will
p Is always peace;
cr O pity me, storm-tossed on waves of ill;
p Let passion cease;
cr Come down in power within my heart to reign,
p For I am weak, and struggle has been vain.

m The days are gone, when far and wide my will
Drove me astray;
And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
That narrow way
Which leads through mist and rocks to thine abode;
cr Toiling for man, and Thee, Almighty God.

m Whate'er of pain thy loving hand allot
I gladly bear;
dim Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
Nor yet thy care,
m Freedom from storms, and wild desires within,
dim Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.

m So may I, far away, when evening falls
On life and love,
cr Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,
With Thee above ;
Wounded yet healed, sin-laden yet forgiven,
And sure that goodness is my only heaven.

S. A. Brooke.

255 *Quiet from God.* 10s.

m QUIET from God! How blessed 'tis to keep
This treasure the All-merciful hath given ;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us like a breath from heaven!

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart ;
To dwell with God, and still with man to feel ;
To bear about forever in the heart
The gladness which his spirit doth reveal.

Who shall make trouble then? Not evil minds
Which like a shadow o'er creation lour.
The soul which peace hath thus attuned finds [power.
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's

What shall make trouble? Not the holy thought
Of loved ones lost ; for that will be a part
Of those undying things which peace hath wrought
Into a world of beauty in the heart.

What shall make trouble? Not slow wasting pain,
Nor e'en the threatening, certain, stroke of death;
These do but wear away, then break the chain
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

S. J. Williams.

256 *The repose of faith.* 7s.

m Happy soul, that free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?

Like a long-forgotten child,
I have wandered on the wild;
Lost myself in vain desires,
Torn with thorns, and burned with fires.

Lonely with the self I hate,
By my will made desolate,
dim Sick of sin, out-wearied, cold—
I would rest within thy fold.

m Father, seek thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on Thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.

Let me know my Shepherd's voice;
More and more in Thee rejoice;
cr More and more of Thee receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live:—

Live, till all the love I know,
I can find in Thee below;
Till I hear thy gracious voice,
'Come up higher, and rejoice.'

m Then from sin and death set free,
Shepherded, O Lord, by Thee,
cr I shall join the flock above,
Where the fold is perfect Love.

C. Wesley.

257 *Rest.* 6.6.8.4.

m O Thou who didst prepare
The ocean's caverned cell,
And teach the gathering waters there
To meet and dwell:
Tossed in our fragile bark
Upon the treacherous sea,
cr Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And sing to Thee.

p How terrible art Thou,
In all thy wonders shown;
Though veiled is thine eternal brow,
Thy steps unknown!
Invisible to sight—
cr But oh! to faith how near—
dim Beneath the gloomiest cloud of night
f Thou shinest here.

m Snatched from a darker deep
And waves of wilder foam,
Thou, Lord, our trusting souls wilt keep,
And waft them home:
dim Home where no storm can sound,
Nor angry waters roar,
Nor troublous billows heave around
That peaceful shore.

Charlotte E. Tonna.

258 *The calm of the soul.* 11.10.

f When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
dim 'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
cr *p* That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

m So to the heart that knows Thee, Love Eternal,
There is a temple, sacred evermore;
And all the babble of life's angry voices
p Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

m Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

O Rest of rests! O Peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and Thou changest not;
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy, both now and evermore.

Harriet B. Stowe.

259 *The Peace of God.* C.M.

m We bless Thee for thy peace, O God,
Deep as th' unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

p We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;

m That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee;

That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er may outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

Anon.

260 *Rest.* C.M.

m O THAT Thou would'st the heavens rend,
And comfort me with light;
In love and holiness descend,
cr And scatter all my night.

m Consume my sin, my death dispel,
Bid feebleness depart,
Be stronger than my selfish will,
And greater than my heart.

Then, when my sin has found defeat,
And Thou hast all my soul,
dim Lead me to pastures soft, where sweet
The healing waters roll,

p That I may rest awhile, before
I take my work again;
And hear, from forth the eternal shore,
pp The requiem of pain.

S. A. Brooke.

261 *The broken shield.* 10s.

m O SEND me not away! for I would drink,
E'en I, the weakest, at the fount of life;
Chide not my steps, that venture near the brink,
dim Weary and fainting from the deadly [strife.

m Went I not forth undaunted and alone,
Strong in the majesty of human might?
dim Lo! I return, all wounded and forlorn,
My dream of glory lost in shades of night.

m Was I not girded for the battle-field?
Bore I not helm of pride and glittering sword?
p Behold the fragments of my broken shield,
cr And give to me thy heavenly armour, Lord!

Anon.

262 *Prayer for help.* C.M.

p O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
cr Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

p O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
cr O help us, Lord, the more!

m O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Father, from on high,
We know no help but Thee!
O help us so to live and die,
cr As thine in heaven to be!

Dean Milman.

263 *In thy light shall we see light.* L.M.

m O GRANT us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.

O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love thy simple word the more.

O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

p O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very Cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

O grant us light, when soon or late
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

L. Tuttiett.

264 *Lead Thou me on.* 10.4.

m LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on:
p The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
cr Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
p The distant scene; one step enough for me.

m I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
p Lead Thou me on.
cr I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
p Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

m So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
p The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
p Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Cardinal Newman.

265 *Lead us, O Father.* 10s.

m LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace;
Without thy guiding hand we go astray,
p And doubts appal and sorrows still increase;
m Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
p While passion stains and folly dims our [youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

m Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
p Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night:
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

m Lead us, O Father, to thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. Burleigh.

266 *Oh, send out thy Light and thy Truth.* S.M.

m O Everlasting Light!
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay:

O everlasting Health!
Flow through life's inmost springs;
The heart's best bliss, the soul's best wealth,
What life thy presence brings!

O everlasting Truth!
The soul of all that's true,
Sure guide alike of age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too.

O everlasting Might!
My broken life repair;
Nerve thou my will, and clear my sight,
Give strength to do and bear.

O everlasting Love!
Wellspring of grace and peace;
Pour down thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease!

H. Bonar.

267 *Grant us thy peace.* 11.11.11.5.

m Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
cr Hear and receive thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

m See round thine ark the hungry billows curling!
See how thy foes their banners are unfurling;
cr Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

m Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
cr Lord, o'er thy Church nor death nor hell prevaileth;
Grant us thy peace, Lord.

m Grant us thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
p Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
pp Peace in thy heaven.

Latin, tr. P. Pusey.

268 *Teach us how to pray.* C.M.

m Lord, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
p Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
cr We may, we must draw near.

m We perish if we cease from prayer;
O grant us power to pray;
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

p Sad with the shame of conscious sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

God of all grace! we come to Thee
With broken, contrite hearts:
m Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts:—

Give deep humility,—the sense
Of godly sorrow give,—
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live:—

Patience to watch, to wait, and weep,
Until thine own good day;—
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

J. Montgomery.

269 *The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord.* C.M.

m LORD, in thy Name thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All thine, are ours by prayer.

cr Thine too by right, and ours by love,
The wondrous growth within,
The harvest Thou wilt reap above,
When all are gathered in.

m So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
cr That Thee in thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

J. Keble.

270 *Even me.* 8.7.8.7.3.

m LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing!
Let some drops now fall on me,
pp Even me.

m Pass me not, O God, my Father,
p Sinful though my heart may be;
m Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
pp Even me.

m Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
I am longing for thy favour;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me,
pp Even me.

p Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
m O forgive and rescue me,
pp Even me.

m Love of God, so pure and changeless!
Love of God, so rich and free!
Love of God, so strong and boundless!
Magnify thy love in me,
pp Even me.

Elizabeth Codner.

271 *Prayer for mercy.* 7s.

m Lord! have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to hate their cherished sin;
dim When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale;
When our tears bedew thy Word;
pp Then, be pitiful, good Lord!

m Lord! have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;
dim When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress;
cr When the earliest gleam is given
Of thy bright but distant heaven;
Then thy fostering grace afford,
p Then, be pitiful, good Lord!

p Lord! have mercy when we lie
All the restless night and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still
From the thought of former ill;
dim When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come;
When is loosed the silver cord;
pp Then, be pitiful, good Lord!

Dean Milman.

272 *Coming of God's Kingdom.* 8.7.

m How shall come thy kingdom holy,
In which all the earth is blest,
That shall lift on high the lowly,
And to weary souls give rest?
Not with trumpet call of legions
Bursting through the upper sky,
Waking earth through all its regions
With their heaven-descending cry:

Not with dash or sudden sally,
Swooping down with rushing wing;
p But as, creeping up a valley,
Come the grasses in the spring:
cr First one blade and then another,
Still advancing are they seen,
m Rank on rank, each by its brother,
Till each inch of ground is green.

Through the weary days of sowing,
Burning sun, and drenching shower,
Day by day, so slowly growing,
Comes the waited harvest hour.

So the kingdom cometh ever,
Though it seem so far away;
Each bright thought and true endeavour
Hastens on the blessed day.

M. J. Savage.

273 *Thy kingdom come.* 7s.

m Father, let thy kingdom come,—
Let it come with living power;
Speak at length the final word,
Usher in the triumph hour.

m As it came in days of old,
p In the deepest hearts of men,
When thy martyrs died for Thee,
f Let it come, O God, again.

Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
Let them from their place be hurled:
m Enter on thy better reign,—
Wear the crown of this poor world.

p O what long, sad years have gone
Since thy Church was taught this prayer!
O what eyes have watched and wept
For the dawning everywhere!

f Break, triumphant day of God!
Break at last, our hearts to cheer;
m Throbbing souls and holy songs
Wait to hail thy dawning here.

Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,—
May they all for God be won!
And, in every human heart,
Father, let thy kingdom come.

J. P. Hopps.

274 *Home Missions.* L.M.

m Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might;
p In pity look on those who stray
Benighted, in this land of light.

m In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
p And bind and heal the broken heart.

m Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
f And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant.

275 *Light.* 6.6.4.

m Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
p Hear us, we humbly pray,
cr And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

m Thou, who did'st come to bring,
Through Christ's redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;
cr O now to all mankind
Let there be light!

m Thou, who art truth and love,
Life Giver, from above
Speed forth thy flight;
p Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
cr And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

m Almighty God, whom we
Adore in unity,
Wisdom, love, might;
f Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
cr Through the earth far and wide,
ff Let there be light!

J. Marriott.

276 *He knows.* 8.8.8.2.

m He knows the bitter, weary way,
The endless striving day by day,
The souls that weep, the souls that pray
He knows!

He knows how hard the fight hath been,
The clouds that came our lives between,
The wounds the world hath never seen
He knows!

He knows when faint and worn we sink,
How deep the pain, how near the brink
Of dark despair we pause and shrink;
He knows!

cr He knows! O thought so full of bliss!
dim For though on earth our joy we miss,
m We still can bear it, feeling this,—
He knows!

He knows; O heart, take up thy cross
And know earth's treasures are but dross,
And He will prove as gain our loss!
He knows!

Marian L. Morris.

277 *Thou knowest.* 11.10.11.10.10.10.

m Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of each sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,

Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;
We come before Thee at thy gracious word,
And lay them at thy feet: Thou knowest, [Lord.

Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid;
And healed the bleeding wounds and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,

And the dark river to be crossed at last;
O what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path; but this, Thou knowest, Lord.

Jane Borthwick.

278 *Weary.* 8.8.8.6

p To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest;
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

m A marvel seems the Universe;
A miracle our life and death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
dim And, like a weary child, would come
O Father, unto Thee.

m Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day.

J. G. Whittier.

279 *Choose Thou my path.* 6s.

m Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be:
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

p I dare not choose my lot,
I would not, if I might;
m Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

My cup of life and love,
With joy or sorrow fill:—
As best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
p Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

m Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
cr Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

H. Bonar.

280 *The might of faith.* 11.10.

p We will not weep; *(cr)* for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessèd sight:
m We will not doubt,—if darkness still doth try us,
cr Our souls have promise of serenest light.

m We will not faint,—if heavy burdens bind us,
cr They press no harder than our souls can [bear,
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for the past despair.

m Oh, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending,
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last,
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us when the Death is past.

p Help us, O Father, when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend;
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
cr Strengthen our weakness, till the joyful end.

W. H. Hurlbut.

281 *The morning cometh.* C.M.

m We wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By his almighty power.

We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the day-light springs,
cr Till He shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on his wings.

f And even now amid the gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.

m We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
cr And all, O God, be thine!

m Oh, guide us till our night is done!
Until, from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore!

Imitated from J. M. Neale, by S. Longfellow.

282 *The enduring gift.* C.M.

m We read upon the lettered page
Words so divinely bright
That evermore, from age to age,
cr They burn with living light.

f They tell the deathless spirit's power,—
So strong, so grandly free,
O'erlooking from its peaceful tower
The restless, stormy sea.

O happy soul, to win the fight,
Forever then to rest
Upon such calm and lofty height,
Serene and self-possessed!

p So weary ones in vales below
With longing hearts complain,
And think their lives have all of woe
And others all of gain.

But know those heights have valleys deep;
That brave heart sometimes fears;
The joyful have their times to weep,—
Lone vigils mark the years.

m Though loyal souls, through suffering meek,
The mount of vision gain,
Whence thrilling words their raptures speak,
No soul can there remain.

'Tis earnest struggle all the way,
Yet seek to know God's will,
Though joy and rapture may not stay,
p Deep peace abideth still.

Eliza M. Hickok.

283 *Led.* 8.6.

m SWEET is the solace of thy love,
My Heavenly Friend, to me,
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home with Thee,
Learning by quiet thankfulness
As a dear child to be.

p Though from the shadow of thy peace
My feet would often stray,
m Thy mercy follows all my steps,
And will not turn away;

Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last,
As none beneath Thee may.

p Oft, in a dark and lonely place,
I hush my hastened breath,
To hear the comfortable words
Thy loving Spirit saith;
And feel my safety in thy hand
From every kind of death.

m O, there is nothing in the world
To weigh against thy will!
dim E'en the dark times I dread the most
Thy covenant fulfil;
m And when the pleasant morning dawns,
I find Thee with me still.

Then in the secret of my soul,
Though hosts my peace invade,
Through many a waste and weary land
My lonely way be made,
Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me—
I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place
I would awhile abide,
Till with the solace of thy love
My heart be satisfied,
And all my hopes of happiness
Stay calmly at thy side.

Anna L. Waring.

284 *Trust.* 11.10.11.6

p STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary
And the heart faint beneath his chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
cr Still will we trust in God.

m Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain,
Through Him alone, who hath our way appointed,
dim We find our peace again.

m Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat us of good Thou hast for us designed;
Choose for us, God; thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

So from the sky the night shall furl her shadows,
And day pour gladness through her golden gates;
Our rough path lead to flower-enamelled meadows,
Where joy our coming waits.

m Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss:
cr Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

W. H. Burleigh.

285 *Through Peace to Light.* 10.4.

m I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou would'st take from me
Aught of its load:

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet:
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,—
dim Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
cr Through Peace to Light.

m I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
dim Like quiet night.
cr Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

Adelaide A. Procter.

286 *Made perfect through suffering.* L.M.

m I BLESS Thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power;
For now my shallow cistern's spent,
I find thy founts, and thirst no more.

I take thy hand, and fears grow still;
Behold thy face, and doubts remove;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect Truth and boundless Love?

That Love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thine eternal calm;
And tune its sad and broken speech
cr To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

m O be it patient in thy hands,
And drawn, through each mysterious hour,
To service of thy pure commands,
The narrow way to Love and Power!

S. Johnson.

287 *Trust in Him at all times.* 8.6.

m Go not far from me, O my God,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me any thing Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away,—
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.

p On thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress:
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
m Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need thy tenderness!

p When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
f Then on thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart can say,
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away:
Then let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

Anna L. Waring.

288 *The eternal goodness.* C.M.

p I LONG for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
cr But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

p I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
cr Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

p And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
cr The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

p And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
cr No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

p I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
cr I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

p O Thou, my God, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me, if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

J. G. Whittier.

289 *The eternal goodness.* C.M.

m FIRM, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed state my spirit clings,—
cr I know that God is good!

m Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,—
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate,— I know
His goodness and his love.

p And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me, if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

J. G. Whittier.

290 *Undismayed.* S.M.

m GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
cr Soon end in joyous day.

m He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong his hand.

Thou comprehend'st Him not:
Yet earth and heaven tell
God sits as sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

P. Gerhardt, tr. J. Wesley.

291 *Father, to Thee.* 11.10.

m Father, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

p When fond hopes fail, and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,—
cr Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,
dim And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

m Naught shall affright us on thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness Thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows!
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
f Yet shalt thou praise Him when these darkened furrows,
Where now he ploweth, wave with golden grain.

F. L. Hosmer.

292 *My times are in thy hands.* 8.6.

m FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me:
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see.
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
tp And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

Briers beset my every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer:
But lowly hearts that lean on Thee
Are happy everywhere.

In service which thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free:
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Anna L. Waring.

293 *I am so weak.* S.M.

p FATHER, I am so weak!
Let me thy presence feel,
Take now my tired hands in thine,
And bless me as I kneel.

Renew my failing strength,
And teach me how to rise,
And, bearing all my heavy load,
To seek thy bluer skies.

Let me not wait nor stay,
Nor to the past return,
But kindle still my fainting heart
With zeal anew to burn,

Till I shall see thy love
In every cross I bear;
And, keeping close my hands in thine,
cr Shall trust Thee everywhere.

Miss J. E. McCaine.

294 *Trust in God.* S.M.

m COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands;
To his sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
And shepherd all thy way.

Give to the winds thy fears;
cr Hope and be undismayed:
dim God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
cr God shall lift up thy head. [storms,
m Through waves, through clouds, and
He gently clears thy way:
Abide his will; and weary night
cr Shall end in joyous day.

m He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve his might:
His every act pure blessing is;
His path, unsullied light.
f When He makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When God his people's cause defends,
What man shall stay his hand?

p Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to Thee:
cr O lift Thou up the trembling hands;
Confirm the feeble knee!
So shall our life and death
Thy steadfast truth declare;
f And all eternity proclaim
Thy love and guardian care.

P. Gerhardt, tr. J. Wesley.

295 *Until the day break.* 10s

p Dark is the sky that overhangs my soul,
The mists are thick that through the valley roll,
But as I tread, I cheer my heart and say,
cr When the day breaks, the shadows flee away.

m I bear the lamp my Master gave to me,
Burning and shining must it ever be,
And I must tend it till the night decay,—
cr Till the day break, and shadows flee away.

m God maketh all things good unto his own,
For them in every darkness light is sown;
He will make good the gloom of this my day,—
cr Till that day break, and shadows flee away.

p He will be near me in the awful hour
When the last foe shall come in blackest power;
And He will hear me when at last I pray—
pp 'Let the day break, the shadows flee away!'

m In Him, my God, my Glory, I will trust:
cr Awake and sing, O dweller in the dust!
Who shall come, will come, and will not delay,—
f His day will break, those shadows flee away!

S. J. Stone.

296 *All as God wills.* C.M.

m All as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
p That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;

m That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Bright with eternal good;

p That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
m Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

p That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
m Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;

m That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart
And so the west winds play;
f And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

J. G. Whittier.

297 *My psalm.* C.M.

m No longer forward or behind
I look in hope or fear,
But, grateful, take the good I find,
God's blessing now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

And all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

J. G. Whittier.

298 *Trust.* 6.5.

m PURER yet, and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet, and dearer
Every duty find;

Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

p Calmer yet, and calmer
In the hours of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
m Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
dim And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

cr Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
p Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

cr Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on;
m Oft these earnest longings,
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

299 *Through unknown paths.* C.M.

m O Thou who art of all that is
Beginning both and end,
We follow Thee through unknown paths,
Since all to Thee must tend:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep
Beyond all fathom-line;
Our wisdom is the childlike heart,
Our strength, to trust in thine.

f We bless Thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath,
For hopes that blossom here below
And wither not with death;
But most we bless Thee for Thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
The darkness of our sin.

m Be Thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed;
Be Thou by day our strength for toil,
And Thou by night our rest.
p And when these earthly dwellings fail
And Time's last hour is come,
cr Be Thou, O God, our dwelling-place
dim And our eternal home!

F. L. Hosmer.

300 *Trust in God.* L.M.

m O Love divine, that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
dim Our hearts still whispering, 'Thou art near.'

p When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

m On Thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear!
cr Content to suffer, while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near.

O. W. Holmes.

301 *A song of trust.* C.M.

m O Love divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best,
Fain would I come and rest to-night
Upon thy tender breast:
p I pray Thee turn me not away;
For, sinful though I be,
cr Thou knowest every thing I need,
And all my need of Thee.

m And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, Wherefore should I pray
That Thou shouldst seek me with thy love,
Since Thou dost seek alway?

And dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to Thee;
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.

But Thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words,
That only seem to pray.
Still, still thy love will beckon me,
And still thy strength will come
In many ways to bear me up
And bring me to my home.

I would not have Thee otherwise
Than what Thou still must be;
f Yea, Thou art God, and what Thou art
Is ever best for me.
m And so, for all my sighs, my heart
Doth sing itself to rest,
O Love divine, most far and near,
Upon thy tender breast.

J. W. Chadwick.

302 *Our light afflictions.* 6.5.

m O LET him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

p Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
cr God his watch is keeping,
dim Though none else be near.

m God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

cr Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

p When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who his children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
cr Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

H. S. Oswald, tr. Frances E. Cox.

303 *Our light afflictions.* 7.6.

m O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!

O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

p The Cross that Jesus carried
Ye carry in his love:
f The crown that Jesus weareth
Ye too shall wear above.

m The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn
The love that through all troubles
To hear his voice will turn.

p The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure.

cr What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

f O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

Joseph of the Studium, tr. J. M. Neale.

304 *Looking unto God.* 8.6.8.8.

m I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again:
cr The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

p Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
cr But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

m Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
cr And turn'st my mourning into praise.

S. Longfellow.

305 *He turneth the shadow of death into morning.* 7.6.

p Now slowly, slowly darkening,
The evening hours roll on;
And soon behind the cloud-land
Will sink my setting sun.

Around my path life's mysteries
Their deepening shadows throw;
And as I gaze and ponder,
They dark and darker grow.

m Yet still amid the darkness
I feel the light is near;
And in the awful silence
God's voice I seem to hear:—

But hear it as the thunder,
Or murmuring of the sea;
The secret it is telling,—
It tells it not to me.

cr Yet hark! a voice above me,
Which says, 'Wait, trust, and pray:
f The night will soon be over;
And light will come with day.'

m Amen! the light and darkness
Are both alike to Thee:
Then to thy waiting servant
Alike they both shall be.

p That great unending future!
I cannot pierce its shroud;
cr But I nothing doubt, nor tremble:—
God's bow is on the cloud.

m To Him I yield my spirit;
On Him I lay my load:
Fear ends with death: beyond it
I nothing see but God.

Thus moving towards the darkness,
I calmly wait his call:
Seeing and fearing nothing;
Hoping and trusting all!

S. Grey.

306 *Faith and love.* L.M.

m No human eyes thy face may see;
No human thought thy form may know;
f But all creation dwells in Thee,
And thy great life through all doth flow;

p And yet, O strange and wondrous thought!
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek thy present aid may dare.

m And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
To see and know th' Eternal Mind;

Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by thine.

p So though we faint on life's dark hill,
And thought grow weak and knowledge flee,
f Yet faith shall teach us courage still
And love shall guide us on to Thee.

T. W. Higginson.

307 *Step by Step.* 8.7.

m Not so fearful, doubting pilgrim,
p Though the darkness round thee close,
Though the future glooms foreboding,
Threatening all thy soul's repose.

m 'Tis not in this life vouchsafed us
All our way to see before;
Clears the path as we go forward,
Step by step, and nothing more.

Noble ones have gone before thee:
Fear not, while thine eyes may greet,
cr Leading on, their faithful footprints;
In them strive to set thy feet.

m Wait not for the noonday brightness:
Haste thee through the morning gray;
cr Lo, the eastern glow before thee,
Broadening, brightening ray by ray!

m Thus, the just one's day beginneth:
First, the streak of dawn is given;
Earth sees but the early morning,
p Cloudless noon is found in heaven.

M. J. Savage.

308 *The dearer trust.* C.M.

m My God, I rather look to Thee
Than to my fancy fond,
And wait, till Thou reveal to me
That fair and far Beyond.

I seek not of thy Eden-land
The forms and hues to know,
What trees in mystic order stand,
What strange, sweet waters flow;

What duties fill the heavenly day,
Or converse glad and kind;
Or how along each shining way
The bright processions wind.

p O, sweeter far to trust in Thee
While all is yet unknown,
And through the death-dark cheerily
To walk with Thee alone!

f In Thee, my powers, my treasures live;
To Thee my life must tend;
Giving Thyself, Thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend.

Eliza Scudder.

309 *Thy will be done.* 8.8.8.4.

m My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
p 'Thy Will be done.'

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
'Thy Will be done.'

m If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is thine;
p 'Thy Will be done.'

E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
m Ere long we both shall be with Thee;
p 'Thy Will be done.'

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,—
'Thy Will be done.'

m Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
p 'Thy Will be done.'

m Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
'Thy Will be done.'

Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
cr I'll sing upon a happier shore,
'Thy Will be done.'

Charlotte Elliott.

310 *Passing understanding.* 7s.

m Many things in life there are
Past our 'understanding' far,
And the humblest flower that grows
Hides a secret no man knows.

All unread by outer sense
Lies the soul's experience;
Mysteries around us rise,
We, the deeper mysteries!

Who hath scales to weigh the love
That from heart to heart doth move,
The divine unrest within,
Or the keen remorse for sin ?

Who can map those tracks of light
Where the fancy wings its flight,
Or to outer vision trace
Thought's mysterious dwelling-place ?

Who can sound the silent sea
Where, with sealèd orders, we
Voyage from birth's forgotten shore
Toward the unknown land before ?

While we may so little scan
Of thy vast creation's plan,
Teach us, O our God, to be
Humble in our walk with Thee !

May we trust, through ill and good,
Thine unchanging Fatherhood,
And our highest wisdom find
In the reverent heart and mind !

Clearer vision shall be ours,
Larger wisdom, ampler powers,
And the meaning yet appear
Of what passes knowledge here.

F. L. Hosmer.

311 *Resignation* C.M.

m In trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way,
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

p The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused,
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Perfume the air when bruised.

m The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven,
cr So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

m All-gracious Lord! whate'er my lot
At other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to Thee.

Anon.

312 *A Psalm of trust.* C.M.

m I little see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill:
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.

No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care,
But He my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of mine own:
That higher Power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.

I knew not of this wondrous earth,
Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth
To glad my future way.

And what beyond this life may be
As little I divine,—
What love may wait to welcome me,
What fellowships be mine.

I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die
And find new birth in death.

He will not leave my soul forlorn;
I still must find Him true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn
And every evening new.

Upon his providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must:
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

And so my onward way I fare
With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
The music of my psalm.

F. L. Hosmer.

313 *Safe to the land.* 8.4.

m I KNOW not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

My bark is wafted from the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

How can I fear the storm to sail,
With Him on board?
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

f Safe to the land! Safe to the land,
Unknown, but there!
And then with Him go, hand in hand,
On, anywhere!

Dean Alford.

314 *In trouble.* C.M.

m O GOD! that madest earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
p Give ear to this thy family
And help us when we pray.

m For wide the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart
To view the rocky shore.

The cross our Master bore for us,
For Him we fain would bear;
dim But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair.

m Have mercy on our failings, Lord;
cr Our sinking faith renew;
m And when his sorrows visit us,
O send his patience too!

Bishop Heber.

315 *Blessed are they that mourn.* C.M.

m O DEEM not that earth's crowning bliss
Is found in joy alone;
For sorrow, bitter though it be,
Hath blessings all its own:
From lips divine, like healing balm,
To hearts oppressed and torn,
This heavenly consolation fell—
p 'Blessèd are they that mourn!'

m As blossoms smitten by the rain,
Their sweetest odours yield,
As where the ploughshare deepest strikes
Rich harvests crown the field;

So to the hopes by sorrow crushed,
A nobler faith succeeds;
And life, by trial furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

Who never mourned, hath never known
What treasures grief reveals,
The sympathies that humanise,
The tenderness that heals,
The power to look within the veil,
And learn the heavenly lore,
The key-word to life's mysteries,
So dark to us before.

How rich, and sweet, and full of strength,
Our human spirits are,
p Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer;
m Supernal wisdom, love divine,
Breathed through the lips which said
n 'Oh, blessèd are the souls that mourn,
They shall be comforted.'

W. H. Burleigh.

316 *Blessed are they that mourn.* L.M.

m O DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
cr And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

p There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
cr But joy shall come with early light.

p And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
cr Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to thy arms again.

m Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
p Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

m For God has marked each sorrowing hour
And numbered every secret tear;
cr And Heaven's long age of love and power
Grows out of all we suffer here.

W. C. Bryant.

317 *The voyage of life.* 8.7.

m Why those fears? behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship:
cr Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
dim To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

m Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on;

cr Led by that, we brave the ocean;
Led by that, the storm defy;
p Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that the Lord is nigh:
m Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.

Led to God by his direction,
We shall pass the watery waste;
In his Father's wise protection,
We shall gain the port at last!
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.

O what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar:
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more;
dim Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore!

T. Kelly.

318 *Our Guide.* 5.8.

m JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
cr Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland.

p If the way be drear,
If the foe be near;
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not love and hope forsake us;
cr For through many a foe,
To our home we go.

m When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations—
Lord, increase and perfect patience:
cr Show us that bright shore,
Where we weep no more.

p If our friends depart,
Or deceive our heart,
When our dreams have dreadful waking,
When our heart with grief is breaking,
Teach us thine own prayer
For the Father's care.

When with shame and sin,
We are tossed within,
cr May we hear thy voice from Eden—
'Come to Me, O heavy laden;
dim I will give you rest,
On my Father's breast.'

N. L. Zinzendorf, tr. Jane Borthwick.

319 *Our refuge.* 7s.

p Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
cr While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
m Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
dim Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

m Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
p Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
cr All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
dim With the shadow of thy wing.

m Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
cr Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
f Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley.

320 *Christianity.* L.M.

m O FAIREST-BORN of Love and Light,
Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear!

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.

In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
Christ gave thy message from on high,
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died;
From the blue lake of Galilee,
From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

J. G. Whittier.

321 *Strangers and pilgrims.* 8.6.

m How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell;
He only sojourns here.

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man.
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

cr There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home.
m For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

p So now, my Father, give release,
In thy deep will may I have peace,
And after sorrow rest;
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
cr Open thine arms, Eternal Friend,
dim And take me to thy breast.

C. Wesley and S. A. Brooke.

322 *Things temporal and eternal.* C.M.

m The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
dim How fast they fade away!
cr Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh, for the golden floor,
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

p The lark that soared so high at dawn
On weary wing lies low,
The flowers so fragrant all day long
Are dead or folded now.
cr Oh, for the songs that never cease
Where Saints to Angels call,
Oh, for the tree of life that stands
By the pure river's fall.

m O'er the dull ocean broods the night,
And all the strand is dark,
Save where a line of broken foam
Lies at low water mark.

cr Oh, for the land that needs no light,
Where never night shall be;
Oh, for the quiet home in Heaven,
Where there is no more sea.

p The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
cr Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night.

m Here faith is ours and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, guard us, Lord, by love and power,
Throughout the evil day;
cr Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast our crown away.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

323 *The soul.* 7s.

m What is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?

What is it? and whither, whence
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?

'Tis the Soul,—mysterious name!
Him it seeks from whom it came.
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher.

f Onward, upward, to thy throne,
O Thou Infinite, Unknown!
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in Thee.

W. H. Furness.

324 *One Fold and One Shepherd.* 7.6.

m Now is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One Shepherd and one fold.
Now, Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
p Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore.

m Let all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day.
Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union
In a blest land of love.

O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray:
cr Then shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away.

f O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on
To pray and hope and labour
dim Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick.

325 *O'er seas of God.* L.M.

m The winds that o'er my ocean run
Reach through all worlds beyond the sun;
Through life and death, through fate, through time,
Grand breaths of God they sweep sublime.

A thread of Law runs through my prayer
Stronger than iron cables are;
And love and longing towards her goal
Are pilots sweet to guide the soul.

O thou, God's mariner, heart of mine!
Spread canvas to the airs divine!
Spread sail! and let thy Fortune be
Forgotten in thy Destiny.

The wind ahead? The wind is free!
For evermore it favoureth me:
To shores of God still blowing fair,
O'er seas of God my bark doth bear.

For Life must live, and Soul must sail,
And Unseen over Seen prevail;
And all God's argosies come to shore,
Let ocean smile, or rage, or roar.

D. A. Wasson.

326 *Nature and man.* L.M.

m When up to nightly skies we gaze,
Where stars pursue their endless ways,
We think we see, from earth's low clod,
The wide and shining house of God.

m But could we rise to moon or sun,
Or path where planets duly run,
p Still heaven would spread above us far,
And earth remote would seem a star.

m This earth with all its dust and tears
Is his, no less than yonder spheres;
And raindrops weak, and grains of sand,
Are stamped by his immediate hand.

The rock, the wave, the little flower,
f All fed by streams of living power,
That spring from one almighty will,
Whate'er his thought conceives, fulfil.

m And is this all that man can claim?
Is this our longing's final aim?
To be like all things round,—no more
Than pebbles cast on Time's grey shore.

Not this our doom, Thou God benign!
Whose rays on us unclouded shine:
Thy breath sustains yon fiery dome;
But man is most thy favoured home.

We view those halls of painted air,
And own thy presence makes them fair;
But dearer still to Thee, O Lord,
Is he whose thoughts to thine accord.

J. Sterling.

327 *To the prodigal.* 7s.

m BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
cr Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

m Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
cr Turn thee, brother, God can save!

m Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
cr Turn thee, God will make thee whole!

f He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek Him, for He may be found;
Call upon Him; He is near.

J. F. Clarke.

328 *Father, I have sinned.* 7s.

m LOVE for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
dim I, who strayed so long ago,
Strayed so far, and fell so low!

p I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild,
I, who left my Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam!

I, who spurned his loving hold;
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear his call;
I, the wilful prodigal!

I, who wasted and misspent
Every talent He had lent;
I, who sinned again, again,
Giving every passion rein!

To my Father can I go?—
At his feet myself I'll throw:
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

cr See! my Father waiting stands;
See! He reaches out his hands;
f God is love: I know, I see
There is love for me,—e'en me.

S. Longfellow.

329 *I will go unto my Father.* 8.8.8.6.

m Just as I am,—without one plea
But that thy love is seeking me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,—
p O loving God! I come.

m Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose love can cleanse each spot,
p O loving God! I come.

m Just as I am,—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,—
p O loving God! I come.

m Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,—
p O loving God! I come.

Charlotte Elliott.

330 *To be alive!* 10s.

m We wake each morn as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
That we might sing, 'How happy is our case,
How beautiful it is to be alive!'

Lo! all around us his bright servants stand:
And if with frowning brows for their disguise,
Yet with such wells of love in their deep eyes,
And so strong rescue hidden in their hands!

And our lives may in glory move along:
First holy white, and then all good, and fair
For our dear Lord to see,—the very air
We breathe, self-shaped into a natural song.

And ever towards new heights we still may strive,—
dim Till, just as any other friend's, we press
Death's hand; and, having died, feel none the less
cr How beautiful it is to be alive!

H. S. Sutton.

331 *The soul's prophecy.* 7s.

m All before us lies the way;
Give the past unto the wind.
All before us is the day;
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden, with its rivers old,
Love, and flowers, and living tree,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions deep and kind,
In the life that has no care,
Purest Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful, and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
And our Paradise is found.

Then shall come the Eden days,
Guardian watch from seraph eyes,
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.

From this spirit-land, afar
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir, nor toil, nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

R. W. Emerson.

332 *Love.* 11.10.

m He whom the Master loved has truly spoken:—
The holier worship, which God deigns to bless,
Restores the lost, binds up the spirit-broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
For where love dwells the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good:
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

J. G. Whittier.

333 *Patience.* 8.8.8.6.

m Shall we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time,
And his appointed way?

p When harassed sore with passion's cry,
Or overcome with sorrow's sleep,
We find it hard within our hearts
The watch of life to keep.

O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Did'st wake thy weary ones again
When, slumbering at that fearful hour,
They all forgot thy pain,—

cr Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
That we be faithful through the watch
Our souls shall keep with Thee!

J. G. Whittier.

334 *Patience.* 8s.

p To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
cr And yet, in kindest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

m There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance:
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear:
What ills and woes he may not cure,
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of patience sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded hearts to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

p O thou who mournest on the way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, 'Be resigned!
Bear up, bear up, the end shall tell,
m The dear Lord ordereth all things well.'

From the German, tr. J. G. Whittier.

335 *Friendship in God.* 10s.

m 'Tis a beautiful world which God has made,
Where the sunlight blends with the evening shade,
Where, 'midst the rough tumult of earthly things,
Is heard the soft moving of Angels' wings,
p And the Lord shall watch between me and thee,
cr And his pardoning Love shall our refuge be.

m But our sins have made sad this world so fair;
They have brought us sorrow and pain and care;
Where always some weary head bends to die,
And ever the world seems to say, 'Good-bye:'
p And the Lord shall watch between me and thee,
cr And his pardoning Love shall our refuge be.

m Through the shades of night we feel God's hand
To be leading us to a better Land,
Where weary souls rest in a peace untold,
And walk in the Light through the gates of gold:
p And the Lord shall watch between me and thee,
cr And his pardoning Love shall our refuge be.

f And to-day is the old, old story told,
How our souls may reach those bright streets of gold,
Where Love is the sun that shall ever shine,
And all that is his shall be called mine:
p And the Lord shall watch between me and thee,
cr And his pardoning Love shall our refuge be.

f And beside the still waters God shall lead,
To the pastures green his own flock to feed,
Where tears and where sorrow are never known,
Where death finds no place by the sunlit Throne:
p And the Lord shall watch between me and thee,
cr And his pardoning Love shall our refuge be.

E. Husband.

336 *Duty.* 7s.

f Thou, whose name is blazoned forth
On our banner's gleaming fold,
Freedom! all thy sacred worth
Never yet has half been told.

m But to-day we sing of one
Older, graver far than thou;
With the seal of time begun
Stamped upon her awful brow.

She is Duty: in her hand
Is a sceptre heaven-brought;
Hers the accent of command,
Hers the dreadful, mystic *Ought*.

But her bondage is so sweet!
And her burdens make us strong:
Wings they seem to weary feet,
Laughter to our lips, and song.

m Wheresoever she may lead,
Freshly burdened every day,
Freedom, make us free to speed
cr In her ever brightening way!

J. W. Chadwick.

337 *Thinking no evil.* C.M.

m O God! whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love runs always clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear!

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
  Round whom thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
  Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

When we ourselves least kindly are,
  We deem the world unkind;
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
  Only the poison find.

But they have caught the way of God,
  To whom self lies displayed
In such clear vision as to cast
  O'er others' faults a shade.

All bitterness is from ourselves,
  All sweetness is from Thee;
Dear God! for evermore be Thou
  Fountain and fire in me!

F. W. Faber.

338 *Hope.* C.M.

m The world may change from old to new,
  From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, for ever true,
  Within man's heart remain.

The dreams that bless the weary soul,
  The struggles of the strong,
Are steps towards some happy goal,
  The story of hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed;
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,
But prompts again to deed:

And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears—to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

Oh no! it is no flattering lure,
No fancy weak or fond,
When hope would bid us rest secure
Of better life beyond.

Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
Her promise may gainsay;
The voice divine hath spoke within,
And God did ne'er betray.

Tr. from Schiller.

339 *Hope on.* 8.7.4.4.7.

m Hope on, hope on, *(p)* the golden days
Are not as yet a-dawning,
The mists of night
Precede the light,
cr And usher in the morning.

m Hope on, hope on, *(p* though black the clouds,
Black shadows intertwining,
cr Yet calm and still,
O'er heath and hill,
m The stars will soon be shining.

342 *Words.* S.M.

m A FITLY spoken word,
It hath mysterious powers;
Its far-off echoes shall be heard
Ringing through future hours.

An honest, truthful word,
It has a tongue of flame;
On wings of wind it flies abroad,
And wins a heavenly fame.

p A wise and holy word,
It falls as doth the dew;
A sweet refreshment to afford,
And virtue's strength renew.

A gentle, gracious word,
m 'Tis music in the heart;
Thrilling its very inmost chord,
Till tears unbidden start.

Speak thou, then, lovingly,
Out of a Christ-like soul;
p Thy words a blessèd balm shall be,
To make the sin-sick whole.

f Speak, for the love of God,—
Speak, for the love of man;
The words of truth love sends abroad,
Shall never be in vain.

G. B. Bubier.

343 *To Truth.* 7.6.

m O STAR of Truth, down shining,
Through clouds of doubt and fear,
I ask but 'neath your guidance
My pathway may appear.
p However long the journey,
How hard soe'er it be,
Though I be lone and weary,
cr Lead on, I'll follow thee!

m I know thy blessed radiance
Can never lead astray,
However ancient custom
May tread some other way.
p E'en if through untrod deserts,
Or over trackless sea,
Though I be lone and weary,
cr Lead on, I'll follow thee!

p The bleeding feet of martyrs
Thy toilsome road have trod;
But fires of human passion
cr May light the way to God.
p Then, though my feet should falter,
While I thy beams can see,
Though I be lone and weary,
cr Lead on, I'll follow thee!

p Though loving friends forsake me,
Or plead with me in tears;
Though angry foes may threaten,
To shake my soul with fears;

m Still to my high allegiance
I must not faithless be:
f Through life or death, forever
Lead on, I'll follow thee!

M. J. Savage.

344 *Truth.* C.M.

m O God of Truth, whose living Word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
p Look down on thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.

m Set up thy standard, Lord, that we
Who claim a heavenly birth,
f May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex thy groaning earth.

p Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white!

p *We* fight for truth, *we* fight for God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.

m Then, God of Truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
f Do thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

m Still smite! still burn! till naught is left
But God's own truth and love;
p Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.

m Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
f Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

T. Hughes.

345 *The choice.* 8.7.

m Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offers each the bloom or blight,—
p And the choice goes by forever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

m *Then* to side with Truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

Though the cause of Evil prosper,
Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be Wrong,—

Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the Shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

J. R. Lowell.

346 *Come, labour on.* 4.10.

m Come, labour on:
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say,
f 'Go, work to-day'?

m Come, labour on:
The labourers are few, the field is wide;
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied:
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is 'Come.'

Come, labour on:
The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away:
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbereth not.

f Come, labour on:
Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear,
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

m Come, labour on:
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
f 'Servants, well done!'

Come, labour on:
The toil is pleasant and the harvest sure;
Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee!

Jane Borthwick.

347 *Work.* C.M.

m The toil of brain, or heart, or hand,
Is man's appointed lot;
He who God's call can understand,
Will work and murmur not.

p Toil is no thorny crown of pain,
Bound round man's brow for sin;
f True souls, from it, all strength may gain,
High manliness may win.

m O God! who workest hitherto,
Working in all we see,
Fain would we be, and bear, and do,
As best it pleaseth Thee.

Where'er Thou sendest we will go,
Nor any question ask,
And what Thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.

Our skill of hand, and strength of limb,
Are not our own, but thine;
We link them to the work of Him
Who made all life Divine!

p Our Brother-Friend, thy holy Son,
Shared all our lot and strife;
m And nobly will our work be done,
If moulded by his life.

T. W. Freckleton.

348 *Work.* 7s.

m Without haste and without rest:
Bind the motto to thy breast,
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar the spirit's steady speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
cr Onward then with all thy might;
m Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done!

Rest not—life is sweeping by,
cr Do and dare before you die;
Something worthy and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time:
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
dim When these forms have passed away.

m Haste not—rest not, calm in strife;
Meekly bear the storms of life;
Duty be thy polar guide,
Do the right whate'er betide;
Haste not—rest not—conflicts past,
cr God shall crown thy work at last!

Anon.

349 *Work.* 8.7.

f WORK! it is thy highest mission,
Work! all blessing centres there,
Work for culture, for the vision
Of the True, and Good, and Fair.

m 'Tis of knowledge the condition,
Opening still new fields beyond;
'Tis of thought the full fruition;
'Tis of love the perfect bond.

Work! by labour comes th' unsealing
Of the thoughts that in thee burn;
Comes in action the revealing
Of the truths thou hast to learn.

f Work in helping, loving union
With thy brethren of mankind:
With the foremost hold communion,
Succour those who toil behind.

m For true work can never perish,
And thy followers in the way
For thy works thy name shall cherish:
f Work while it is called to-day!

F. M. White.

350 *The Reformers.* C.M.

m O PURE Reformers! not in vain
Your trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide;
The voice of nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven hath wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love; your battle-ground,
The free, broad field of Thought.

Oh, may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan,
No lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man!

Press on! and, if we may not share
The glory of your fight,
We'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the Right.

J. G. Whittier.

351 *Our Creed.* 8.7.

m WE believe in Human Kindness
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.

We believe in Self-Denial,
And its secret throb of joy;
In the Love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy.

We believe in dreams of Duty,
Warning us to self-control,—
Foregleams of the glorious beauty
That shall yet transform the soul:
In the godlike wreck of nature
Sin doth in the sinner leave,
That he may regain the stature
He hath lost,—we do believe.

We believe in Love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day:
In the power of its remoulding,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection,—we believe.

We believe in Love Eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That, beneath the deep infernal,
Hath a depth that's deeper still!
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph,—we believe.

From 'Good Words.'

352 *Walk in the Light.* C.M.

m WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away;
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

p Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
f Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

Walk in the light! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

L. B. Barton.

353 *The Soldiers of the Cross.* L.M.

m THOU Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Hast brought us here before thy face;
Our spirits wait for thy command,
p Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

m Our spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on thy holy shrine:
Thine was the strength that nourished ours,—
The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.

And now with hymn and prayer we stand,
To give our strength to Thee, great God;
We would redeem thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.

Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord!
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
f Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Thee our truest might.

m Send down thy constant aid, we pray;
Be thy pure angels with us still;
f Thy Truth, be that our firmest stay;
p Our only rest, to do thy will.

O. B. Frothingham.

354 *The Right must win* **C.M.**

m O IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul!
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways;
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. Faber.

355 *Teach me to live.* 10s.

TEACH me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the glorious realms of day.

Teach me that harder lesson—how to live
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live thy purpose to fulfil;
Bright for thy glory let my taper shine:
Each day renew, remould the stubborn will;
Closer round Thee my heart's affections twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more;
But use the time remaining to me yet;
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in thy service hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live—my daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load;
Only be with me; let me feel Thee near;
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkened road.

Teach me to live and find my life in Thee,
Looking from earth and earthly things away;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on, and gain new strength and power each day.

Teach me to live! with kindly words for all,
Wearing no cold repulsive brow of gloom,
Waiting with cheerful patience till thy call
Summons my spirit to its heavenly home.

Ellen E. Burman.

356 *In thy light shall we see light.* S.M.

m TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee!

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture, *for thy sake*,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

G. Herbert.

357 *All for God.* 7s.

m TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

f Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

m Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart, it *is* thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet, its treasure-store;
f Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

358 *The march of life.* L.M.

p SILENT like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
cr We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to truth, to God.

m We fling aside the weight, the sin,
Resolved the victory to win:
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendour of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
From Christian toil our limbs to keep,
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight;

No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please;
cr With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

m What though with weariness oppressed?
'Tis but a little, and we rest;
cr Finished the toil—the race is run;
f The battle fought—the field is won!

H. Bonar.

359 *The true life.* L.M.

m He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him,
Who freely gave it, freely give,
Else is that being but a dream,
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well;
Who wisdom *speaks* must *live* it too;
He is the wisest who can tell
How first he *lived*, then *spoke*, the true.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the true wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep,
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

H. Bonar.

360 *The Voice of the Soul.* 8.7.8.5.

m HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime?

Early hath life's mighty question
  Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching,—
  What, and where, is Truth?

Not to ease and aimless quiet
  Doth the inward answer tend;
But to works of love and duty,
  As our being's end:

Not to idle dreams and trances,
  Folded hands and solemn tone;
But to faith, in daily striving
  And performance shown:

Earnest toil and strong endeavour
  Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
  And besetting sin;

And without, with tireless vigour,
  Steady heart, and purpose strong,
In the power of Truth assaileth
  Every form of wrong.

J. G. Whittier.

361 *On the Lord's side.* C.M.

GOD'S trumpet wakes the slumbering world:
  Now, each man to his post!
The red-cross banner is unfurled:
  Who joins the glorious host?

m He who, in fealty to the Truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
He joins the noble host!

He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—
He joins the sacred host!

He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still,—
He joins the faithful host!

He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most;
And shuns not pain or shame or loss,—
He joins the martyr host!

S. Longfellow.

362 *Faith and Work.* 8.5.

p Every day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care:
m Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.
Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove:
f God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

m Patiently enduring ever,
Let thy spirit be
Bound by links that cannot sever,
To humanity.
Labour! wait! thy Master perished
Ere his task was done:
cr Count not lost thy fleeting moments;
Life hath but begun.

m Labour! wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear,—
Wait in hope! the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,

He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
Love from eternity
Flows on for ever.

m Lift the eye, Christian,
dim Just as it closeth;
m Raise the heart, Christian,
dim Ere it reposeth;
cr Thee from the love of God
Nothing shall sever;
f Mount when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

J. Stammers.

365 *Watch and pray.* 7.7.7.3.

m 'CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,'
Hear thy loving Master say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
p 'Watch and pray.'

m Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
cr Stand, till evil days be done;
p 'Watch and pray.'

f Hear the victors who o'ercame;
dim Still they mark each warrior's way;
cr All with one sweet voice exclaim,
'Watch and pray.'

m Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
p Hide within thy heart his word,
'Watch and pray.'

m Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, till sin be overthrown;
'Watch and pray.'

Charlotte Elliott.

And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled:
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

H. W. Longfellow.

367 *Beauty and Duty.* 8.7.

m ALL around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.

Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labour
Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,—
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

Anon.

368 *Watchman, what of the night ?* L.M.

m Out of the dark the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light ;
We see not yet the full day here,
But we do see the paling night.

And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will,
And Love, that courage re-inspires,—
These stars have been above us still.

/ O sentinels ! whose tread we heard
Through long hours when we could not see,
Pause now; exchange with cheer the word,—
The unchanging watchword, Liberty !

m Look backward, how much has been won!
Look round, how much is yet to win!
The watches of the night are done;
The watches of the day begin.

p O Thou, whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hope enfolds:
O keep us steadfast, patient, true!

S. Longfellow.

369 *One by one.* 8.7.

p One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

m One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are lent thee here below:
Take them readily when given;
Ready, too, to let them go.

p One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armèd band:
cr One will fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

p Do not look at life's long sorrow;
cr See how small each moment's pain;
m God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Adelaide A. Procter.

370 *The Voyage of Life.* S.M.

m O God, whose love is near,
Although it seem to stay,
Be with us through our voyage here,
And smooth the ocean way.

Though on a foreign sea,
We sail not far from home;
And nearer to the port of peace
We every moment come.

m When loud the surges rise,
And calms delay to be,
The storm is blest and kind the waves
That drives us nearer Thee.

p And when the winds are hushed,
And on the deep is peace,
And we behold the land where lies
Our haven of release:

With soft and gentle winds
O waft us smooth along;
While fastened deep within the veil,
m Hope is our anchor strong.

Wait till all tempests flee,
Wait thy appointed hour!
Wait till the Master of thy soul
Reveal his love with power.

Tarry his leisure then!
Although He seem to stay:
For heaven's harbourage with Him
All storms shall over pay.

371 *From strength to strength.* 8.6.

m Lord God, by whom all change is wrought,
By whom new things to light are brought,
In whom no change is known!
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
Thy children still in Thee have part;
cr Still, still, Thou art our own.

m Spirit, who makest all things new!
cr Thou leadest onward; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime.
f In thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.

m Darkness and dread we leave behind;
New light, new glory still we find,
New realms divine possess;
New births of good, new conquests bring,
cr Until triumphant we shall sing
In perfect Holiness.

T. H. Gill.

372 *The race that is set before us.* 8.8.6.

m Oft, as we run the weary way,
That leads through shadows unto day,
With trial sore amazed,
We deem our sorrows are unknown,
Our battle joined and fought alone,
Our victory unpraised.

Faithless and blind, who cannot trace
The witnesses who watch our race,
Beyond the sense's ken;
The mighty cloud of all who died
With faithful rapture, humble pride,
For love of God and Man.

Who, from the battlements above,
Follow our course with eager love,
And cheer our contest on;

cr Who cry at every faithful blow,
Struck at the old usurping foe—
f 'Servant of God, well done.'

m And One, the conqueror of death,
Captain and perfecter of faith,
Who, for the joy of love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
cr Awakes us in the battle flame,
And waits for us above.

m Therefore with patience run the race,
With joy and confidence and grace,
With cheerful hope and power;
Cast off the sin that checks our speed,
The weights that faith and love impede,
Withstand the evil hour.

For Heaven is round us as we move,
Our days are compassed with its love,
Its light is on our road:
cr And when the knell of death is rung,
Loud Hallelujahs shall be sung
To welcome us to God.

S. A. Brooke.

373 *To-day.* C.M.

m New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
New love to give and take;
Perchance new burdens I may bear
To-day, for love's sweet sake.

New hopes to open in the sun;
New efforts worth the will;
Or tasks, with yesterday begun,
More bravely to fulfil.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be
Are in my hand to sow,
Whereby, for others and for me,
Undreamed-of fruit may grow.

p And if, when eventide shall fall
In shade across my way,
It seems that nought my thoughts recall
But life of every day,—

m Yet if each step in shine or shower
Shall be with Thee for guide,
Then blest be every happy hour
That keeps me at thy side.

From 'Chambers' Journal.'

374 *Heavenward.* 6.4.

m LORD, to live life again
Is not our cry,
p One tear to memory given,
cr Onward we hie.
m Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, should we plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

Why should we, if we might,
Retrace our way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?

Night's gloomy watch is fled,
cr Morning's all burning red,
Hope's smiles are round us shed!
Heavenward, away!

p Where then are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight;
cr Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me.
Fly, time, fly speedily!
Come, life and light!

Lady Nairn.

375 *A Psalm of Life.* 8.7.

m LIFE is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
p 'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
cr Was not spoken of the soul.

m Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

m Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
p Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

m Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints that, perhaps, another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

f Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

376 *A purpose in life.* 8.7.

m Live for something! be not idle;
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming,—
Labour is the sweetest joy.
m Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay.
Life for thee hath many duties:
f Active be, then, while you may.

m Scatter blessings in your pathway,—
Gentle words and cheering smiles:
Better far than gold and silver
Are their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy;
Whisper words of hope and comfort;
Give, and thy reward shall be
cr Joy unto thy soul returning
From this perfect fountain-head.
f Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

Anon.

377 *The Christian warfare.* 7s.

f Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe:
m Faint not; much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians: will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
f Know ye not your Captain's power?

m Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long:
f Victory soon shall tune your song.

m Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not woe your course impede;
f Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward, then, to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
dim Though opposed by many a foe,
f Christian soldiers, onward go.

H. K. White.

378 *The conflict of life.* 8.7.

f ONWARD, onward, though the region
m Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—*(cr)* press thou on!

f Upward, upward! Their Hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee, 'God is Love;'
All around thy red-cross banner
Streams the radiance from above.

p By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
m Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it,—*(cr)* press thou on!

m By thy trustful, calm endeavour,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver;
cr Oh, for their sake, press thou on!

m Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release;

Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus,—'Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done!'

S. Johnson.

379 *Onward, upward.* 8.7.

f Onward! upward! Christian soldier,
Turn not back nor sheath thy sword;
Let its blade be sharp for conquest,
In the battle for the Lord.
m From the great white throne eternal
God Himself is looking down;
He it is who now commands thee,
cr 'Take the cross and win the crown.'

m Onward! doing and enduring,
With the Lord who lived for thee;
Face the foe, and meet with daring
Danger whatso'er it be;
From the battlements of glory,
Holy ones are looking down!
Thou can'st almost hear them crying,
'On! let no one take thy crown.'

Onward! till thy course be finished,
Like the ransomed ones before;
Keep the faith through persecution,
Never give the battle o'er;
cr Onward! upward! till victorious
Thou shalt lay thine armour down,
And thy loving Father bid thee
At his hand receive thy crown.

380 *Behold, the fields are white.* C.M.

m O still, in accents sweet and strong,
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
'More reapers for white harvest fields,
More labourers for the Lord!'

m We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
cr But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

p Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown;
m We, to their labours entering in,
Would reap where they have strewn.

O Thou, whose call our hearts has stirred
To do thy will, we come;
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

S. Longfellow.

381 *The Church Universal.* C.M.

m One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones;
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

f O living Church, thine errand speed;
Fulfil thy task sublime;
m With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

S. Longfellow.

382 *For behold, the kingdom of God is within you.* 6s.

m O Thou not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
f God's own Jerusalem.

p Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
m Where faith bids fear depart,
f City of God! thou art.

p Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up;
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

[redacted]
Its holy towers are raised.

Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There—only there—is heaven!

Eliza Scudder.

385 *The city of light.* 8.7.

1 Have you heard the Golden City
Mentioned in the legends old?
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous tales of it are told.

Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming wall,
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

Do you ask: Where is that City,
Where the perfect Right doth reign?
I must answer, I must tell you
That you seek its site in vain.

You may roam o'er hill and valley,
You may pass o'er land and sea,
You may search the wide earth over—
'Tis a City yet to be.

We are builders of that City,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts,
All our lives are building-stones.

Some can do but humblest service,
Hew rough stones or break the soil,
While the few alone may gather
Joy and honour from their toil.

While the few may plan the arches,
And the fluted columns fair,
And immortal thought embody,
And immortal beauty there.

But if humble or exalted,
All are called to task divine,
All but aid alike to carry
Forward one sublime design.

What that plan may be, we know not;
How the seat of Justice high,
How the city of our vision
Will appear to mortal eye—

That no mortal eye can picture,
That no mortal tongue can tell,
We can barely dream the glories
Of the Future's citadel.

m But for it we still must labour,
For its sake bear pain and grief,
In it find the end of living
And the anchor of belief.

p But a few brief years we labour,
Soon our earthly day is o'er,
Other builders take our places,
And 'our place knows us no more.'

m But the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with our years.

f It will be at last made perfect
In the universal plan,
It will help to crown the labours
Of the toiling hosts of man.

ff It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of Right,
It will merge into the splendours
Of the City of the Light.

F. Adler

386 *The age-long battle.* 8.7.

f Up the pathway of the ages,
From the dim land of the past,
Come the sounds of battle-shouting,
Armour-clang, and bugle-blast;
For our human race has ever
Marched through blood and under cloud,
Tearing swaddling bands for Freedom,
From the vanquished tyrant's shroud.

And to-day the wide-winged armies
Of the God who marshals all
Sweep the earth, and cross the spaces
Where the distant star-beams fall;
For the order of this battle,
Waged for universal right,
Grasps an age-long, age-wide progress
Out of darkness up to light.

m Standing here as this day's sentries,
Set to watch our little time,
cr Let us hear the past and future
Calling us to deeds sublime.
f Children of heroic fathers,
We the future sires must be;
And the coming generations
Look to us to make them free.

Let us hold our lines not only,—
Hear the order to advance!
Grasp the shield of Faith not only,—
Lift on high Truth's flaming lance!

f Fight for every hope that's human,
Fight to shatter every chain,
Fight till every man and woman
Owneth heart and soul and brain.

f By the Ancient's long endeavour,
By the Honourable's fame,
By our race and by our country,
By each high and noble name,
By the God of hosts who leads us,
By the future's dawning light,
Swear to stand and swear to struggle
ff Till earth's might shall mean its right!

M. J. Savage.

387 *Forward.* 6.5.

m FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
f Who shall dream of shrinking,
By the Father led!
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight,
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light.

m Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind;

Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till around us
Gleams the Father's face.
Forward, all the lifetime,
Climb from height to height:
p Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

m Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
p Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
m Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
f Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward, through the darkness,
Forward into light!

m Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
f Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright;
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

m Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth,
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold:
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
f Thither, onward thither,
In the Father's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light.

Dean Alford.

388 *Onward, Christian Soldiers.* 6.5.

f ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe:
Forward into battle
See his banners go. *(f)* Onward, &c.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
m Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
May we not divided,
But one body be;
One in faith and duty,
One in charity. *(f)* Onward, &c.

m Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
cr But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
f Gates of death can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail. *(f)* Onward, &c.

f Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song:
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto God our King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing. *(f)* Onward, &c.

S. Baring Gould.

389 *Praise.* 6.5.

f On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!
m Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be!
Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from Thee!
f On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!

m If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can—
Thou who giv'st the seed time
cr Wilt give large increase,
f Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing, &c.

On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe!
m Loving cheer around us,
Cheerful love within,
Faith's good battle fighting,
cr Victory we shall win!
f On our way rejoicing, &c.

Unto God our Father
Joyful songs we sing;
For his many mercies
Thankful hearts we bring.
ff God th' Eternal Goodness
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!
f On our way rejoicing, &c.

J. S. B. Monsell.

390 *Processional Hymn.* S.M.

f Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

m Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

Yes, onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Through gate, and porch, and columned aisle,
The hallowed pathways throng.

With ordered feet pass on;
Bid thoughts of evil cease.
Ye may not bring the strife of tongues
Within the house of peace.

With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Hallelujahs loud,
m Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense-cloud.

f With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

m Yes, on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

f Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day.

p At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
cr The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

f Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

Dean Plumptre.

391 *To the only wise God, our Saviour.* 6.5.

m Saviour, blessèd Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
p All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
f Body, soul, and spirit,—
All we yield to Thee.

m Great and ever greater
Are thy mercies here,
f True and everlasting
Are the glories there,—
p Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil, nor care, is known;
f Where the Angel legions
Circle round thy throne.

p Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past,
cr Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
p Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
cr Tells of love unfeignèd,—
Love that never dies.

m Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
f Thou hast shed thy radiance,
On a world of sin.

Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;

p Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
m May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

f Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
cr Saints with Angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

G. Thring.

392 *The Pilgrims' March.* 8.7.

m THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er his ransomed people shed,
cr Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

m One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

f One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

f One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
cr Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

m Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid!
p Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

cr Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

B. S. Ingemann, tr. S. Baring Gould.

393 *Eternity.* 7s.

m O, THE clanging bells of time;
Night and day they never cease;
We are wearied with their chime,
For they do not bring us peace;

And we hush our breath to hear,
And we strain our eyes to see
If thy shores are drawing near,
rall Eternity, eternity.

m O, the clanging bells of time,
How their changes rise and fall;
But in undertone sublime,
Sounding clearly through them all,
Is a voice that must be heard,
As our moments onward flee,
And it speaketh aye one word,
rall Eternity, eternity.

m O, the clanging bells of time;
To their voices loud and low,
In a long, unresting line,
We are marching to and fro;
And we yearn for sight or sound
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round,
rall Eternity, eternity.

m O, the clanging bells of time;
Soon their notes will all be dumb;
And in joy and peace sublime
We shall feel the silence come;
And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break,
rall Eternity, eternity.

Mrs. E. H. Gates.

394 *Teach us to number our days.* 7.6.

f O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou!

p Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

m O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blest.

f Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face.

A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore.

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth.

395 *For ever with the Lord.* S.M.

m 'For ever with the Lord!'
Amen; so let it be!
c Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!
p Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
cr Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

m My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
p Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
cr The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

f I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.
m And then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

p A little while, 'mid shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell,
cr Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict,—He doth all things well.

m And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
cr With the bright promise of the glad Forever
dim Will light the shadows of earth's Little While.

Jane F. Crewdson.

398 *I will wait till my change come.* 8.7.

p Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the light of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting, till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers,—gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
m Then, from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Frances L. Macc.

399 *The end of life.* Irr.

p One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

m Nearer my father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

p Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
cr Nearer gaining the crown!

pp But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

m O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

Phœbe Cary.

400 *Time is short.* S.M.

m A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
dim And we shall be with those that rest
p Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my God, prepare
cr My soul for that great day;
O come and dwell within my heart,
dim And take my sins away.

m A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not—
A far serener clime:
p Then, O my God, prepare
cr My soul for that blest day;
O come and dwell within my heart,
dim And take my sins away.

m A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
cr And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:

p Then, O my God, prepare
cr My soul for that calm day;
O come and dwell within my heart,
dim And take my sins away.

p A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
cr And we shall weep no more:
p Then, O my God, prepare
cr My soul for that bright day;
O come and dwell within my heart,
p And take my sins away.

H. Bonar.

401 *Heaven is our home.* 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

m We are but pilgrims here,
Heaven is our home;
Travelling through deserts drear,
Heaven is our home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round us on every hand,
cr Heaven is our fatherland,
Heaven is our home.

m What though the tempests rage!
Heaven is our home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heaven is our home.
Time's wild and wintry blast
cr Soon will be overpast,
We shall reach home at last;
f Heaven is our home.

m Lord, may we murmur not,
Heaven is our home,—
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heaven is our home.
Grant us at last to stand
cr There at thine own right hand,
In thy blest fatherland;
f Heaven is our home.

T. R. Taylor.

402 *No continuing city.* 7.6.

p Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
cr The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

m O happy retribution;
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the battle,
f But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

p There grief is turned to pleasure,
And martyrdom hath peace,
And from our vain desire,
God giveth us release.

cr The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

f And God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

p O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect;
cr O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!

f Where they who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the strife,
For ever and for ever
Are clad with robes of life.

Bernard of Cluny, tr. J. M. Neale.

403 *The heavenly Jerusalem.* C.M.

m JERUSALEM, my happy home!
When shall I come to thee?
cr When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

m O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No death, no care, nor toil.

We that are here in banishment
Our vigil still must keep;
Must stand and wait, and often long
These tears no more to weep.

But blessèd are the pure in heart
That find their home in thee,
dim Where weary spirits are at rest
In God eternally.

m Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
cr I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

m Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
In holy converse stand:
cr And soon the sons of God below
Will join the glorious band.

f Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still longs for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Latin of the 9th Century, altered in the 16th; tr. Anon. 1616.

404 *Heaven* **L.M.**

m What is that goal of human hope,
That heaven, where every soul is blest?
'Tis light for those who darkly grope;
To weary ones, 'tis perfect rest;

To young and eager souls, a place
Where high deeds may be grandly wrought;
To those who mourn some absent face,
'Tis where the lost ones may be sought.

It is a land where each may find
That which in vain he sought for here;
Where every element is kind,
And summer reigns the live-long year.

Is there a country such as this?
Some glad day thou shalt know, O soul!
p Hope whispers of the perfect bliss,
cr And points her finger toward the goal.

M. J. Savage.

405 *Heaven.* S.M.

f There is no night in heaven:—
m In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

f There is no grief in heaven:—
There all is perfect day;
There tears are 'mid those former things,
dim Which all have passed away.

f There is no sin in heaven:—
Amid that blessèd throng,
All-holy is their spotless robe,
All-holy is their song.

f There is no death in heaven:—
m For they who gain that shore
cr Have won their immortality,
f And they can die no more.

O Father, be our Guide,
And lead us safely on,
cr Till night, and grief, and sin, and death
f Are past, and heaven is won!

F. M. Knollis.

406 *Paradise.* 8.6 : 6.6.

m O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who would not wish for thee?
Who would not seek that happy land
Where all from sin are free;
f Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
And thrill with rapture through,
dim In God's most holy sight!

m O Paradise! O Paradise!
How sweet must be the song
That angels sing around the throne;
How bright that heavenly throng;
f Where loyal, &c.

m O Paradise! O Paradise!
O when shall we behold
That realm where light for ever reigns,
And love is never cold!
Where loyal, &c.

m O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis sweet, while waiting here,
To think that those we've loved on earth
cr Will meet together there,
f Where loyal, &c.

m O Paradise! O Paradise!
I would so faithful be,
p That, when my race on earth has run,
cr That race may end in thee,
f Where loyal, &c.

Adapted from F. W. Faber.

407 *Jerusalem, the Golden.* 7.6.

m JERUSALEM, the golden!
With milk and honey blest:
Beneath thy contemplation
dim Sink heart and voice oppress.
cr I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
p What bliss beyond compare!

f They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of glory;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they who, strong and faithful,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O land that sees no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O royal land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!

Bernard of Cluny, tr. J. M. Neale.

408 *Heaven.* 7.7.7.4.

m In this world, the Isle of dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes,
Sad reciting.

But when once from hence we fly,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young Eternity
There uniting.

In that whiter Island where
Things are ever more sincere;
Candor here, and lustre there,
All delighting.

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell a horror call,
To create, or cause at all
Dread affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep;
But eternal watch shall keep,
There attending.

Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalized, and you;
And fresh joys, as never too
Have an ending.

R. Herrick.

409 *Heaven.* 6.4.

m My song and city is
Jerusalem on high;
My prayer and praise and bliss,
dim My refuge when I die.
cr O world of grace
When shall I see
God's glorious face
In purity!

m O sweet and fair alone!
The court of God most high,
The Heaven of Heavens, the throne
Of Truth and Majesty.
cr Awake, mine eyes,
To see those skies,
Where love and light
Are infinite.

m No sun by day is there,
No moon by silent night:
The Lord God shineth fair,
And is the city's light.
Through golden streets,
Life's river fleets:
And from the throne,
Love streams alone.

m The stranger homeward bends,
dim And sigheth for his rest:
p My home is there, my friends
Dwell in that quiet nest;
Where each pure soul
In long white stole,
And palms in hand,
Do ravished stand.

No tears from weary eyes,
Drops in that holy quire:
But Death itself there dies,
In Love's supreme desire.
cr So in a ring,
The praises sing
Of God alone,
Who fills the throne.

m There all temptations cease,
And frailties have an end,
dim And I shall rest in peace
With God, my heavenly Friend.
m O happy place,
Where all have grace,
And garlands stored
For their reward.

Lord God, on Thee I cry,
Outwearied with delay:
My palace is on high,
Disclose its heavenly day,

Where all men raise
Thy glorious praise,
And angels then
Loud sing, Amen.

Latin, tr. J. M. Neale, alt. S. A. Brooke, partly from R. Herrick.

410 *The strains of heaven.* 11.10.

m HARK! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
cr Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
p Angels of Jesus, *(cr)* Angels of light,
f Singing to welcome *(p)* the pilgrims of the night.

p Darker than night, life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark:
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
pp Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.
p Angels of Jesus, *(cr)* Angels of light,
f Singing to welcome *(p)* the pilgrims of the night.

m Onward we go, for still we hear them singing
p 'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,'
cr And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
p Angels of Jesus, *(cr)* Angels of light,
f Singing to welcome *(p)* the pilgrims of the night.

p Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
cr Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
p Angels of Jesus, *(cr)* Angels of light,
f Singing to welcome *(p)* the pilgrims of the night.

m Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past:
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
cr And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
p Angels of Jesus, *(cr)* Angels of light,
f Singing to welcome *(p)* the pilgrims of the night.

m Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
cr. To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.
p Angels of Jesus, *(cr.)* Angels of light,
f Singing to welcome *(p)* the pilgrims of the night.

m Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
cr And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
p Angels of Jesus, *(cr.)* Angels of light,
f Singing to welcome *(p)* the pilgrims of the night.

411 *The land beyond the sea.* 6.6.8.10.6.6.

m The land beyond the sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
p O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea?

m The land beyond the sea!
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams!
The wistful heart looks o'er the strait and dreams:
It longs to fly to thee,
p Calm land beyond the sea!

m The land beyond the sea!
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a drawbridge to a castle gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
For us to pass to thee,
p Calm land beyond the sea!

m The land beyond the sea!
p When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years! more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
Home-sick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

m The land beyond the sea!
Why fadest thou in light?
Why art thou better seen towards night?
Dear land! look always plain, look always bright;
That we may gaze on thee,
p Calm land beyond the sea!

F. W. Faber.

412 *The eternal home.* 10.6.

p Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have seen before,—
Things of a different hue,
And sounds all strange and new,
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,—
But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
Knowing so well we can return no more;
No voice or face of friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,—
But to arrive alone in such a land!

m Alone? no! God hath been there long before,
Eternally hath waited on that shore
For us who were to come
To our eternal home:
O is He not the life-long friend we know
More privately than any friend below?

Alone? the God we trust is on that shore,
The Faithful One whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife;—
O we shall trust Him more in that new life!

So not alone we land upon that shore:
'Twill be as though we had been there before;
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,—
Our home at once with the Eternal Love!

F. W. Faber.

413 *The paths of death.* 8.6.8.8.6.

m How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Like the bright slanting west,
Thou leadest down into the glow,
Where all those heaven-bound sunsets go,
dim Ever from toil to rest.

m How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Thither where sorrows cease,
To a new life, to an old past,
p Softly and silently we haste,
Into a land of peace.

m How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
E'en children after play
Lie down, without the least alarm,
And sleep, in thy maternal arm,
dim Their little life away.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
The old, the very old
Smile when their slumbrous eye grows dim,
Smile when they feel thee touch each limb;
Their age was not less cold.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Straight to our Father's home;
All loss were gain that gained us this,—
The sight of God, that single bliss
Of the grand world to come.

F. W. Faber.

414 *Not lost, but gone before.* 7.6.7.6.7.7.

When for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known,
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must for ever live and grow.

He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river:
Death, thy hastening oar I know;
cr Bear me, thou life-giver,
Through the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.

Lucy Larcom.

415 *Death of the righteous.* C.M.

p Behold the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
dim So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

m The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
dim So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

m How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed,

How mildly, on the wandering cloud,
The sunset beam is cast!
dim So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

m And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears:
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

Night falls; *(cr)* but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore:
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake to close no more.

W. B. O. Peabody.

416 *Death.* L.M.

m O SWEET and sacred is the rest
Round the departed Christian's breast;
Serene the pillow of his head,
And sanctified his funeral bed.

Upon his grave the moonlight beam
Shines smiling, and the dews on him
Fall soft as on the loveliest flower
That decks the field or crowns the bower.

And if the sad and sorrowing tear
Be sometimes shed in silence there;
God's loving smile the tear shall light,
And make it as a dew-drop bright.

Then, on the earth's maternal breast
In peaceful hope and joy we'll rest;
dim And yield us to death's slumber deep,
As infants calmly sink to sleep,

Sir J. Bowring.

417 *The grave.* 8.8.8.4.

p THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
pp Low in the ground.

p The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
dim Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

m Ah! mourner, long of storms the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam;
cr Hope! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
p A quiet home.

m Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
dim And soothe the bosoms deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

m A bruisèd reed God will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal!

O traveller in the vale of tears!
cr. To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.
J. Montgomery.

418 *For evermore.* 7,7.7.5.

m When the toil of day is done,
When the race of life is run,
dim Father, grant thy wearied one
p Rest for evermore!

m When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be thy gracious word fulfilled—
p Peace for evermore!

cr When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,
f Light for evermore!

p When the heart, by sorrow tried,
Feels at length its throbs subside,
cr Grant us, where all tears are dried,
f Joy for evermore!

m When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
cr Teach us in thy love to learn
Love for evermore!

p When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
cr Lord of life! be ours thy crown—
f Life for evermore!

J. Ellerton.

419 *The whole family in heaven and earth.* C.M.

m Let saints on earth in concert sing,
With those whose work is done;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
dim Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

f One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
p And part are crossing now.

E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

m By faith we join our friendly hands
With those that went before;
And greet the pure, triumphant bands
On the eternal shore.

O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given
cr Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

C. Wesley.

420 *All live unto God.* 8s.

m GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies!
All souls are thine: we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of sense set free,
f Our dead are living unto Thee.

m Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
f Our dead are living unto Thee.

m Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair,
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care;
In life, in joy, in peace they be;
f Not dead, but living unto Thee.

m Thy word is true, thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And thank Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear the world to see
f Where all are living unto Thee.

p O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
cr That body, soul, and spirit be,
f For ever living unto Thee!

J. Ellerton.

421 *Beyond the veil.* 10.8.10.6.

m They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility!
High as the Heavens above!
These are your walks and you have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up, gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

H. Vaughan.

422 *The angels of grief.* 11.4.

p With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

m Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,—
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
cr The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;
f The good die not!

m God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given;
They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly
As in his heaven.

J. G. Whittier.

423 *The parting here, the greeting there.* L.M.

p God giveth quietness at last!
The common way once more is passed
From pleading tears and lingerings fond
cr To fuller life and love beyond.

p Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
Dear ones familiar with the place!
While to the gentle greetings there
We answer here with murmured prayer.

What to shut eyes hath God revealed?
What hear the ears that death has sealed?
What undreamed beauty passing show
Requites the loss of all we know?

O Silent Land to which we move!
Enough, if there alone be love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!

O white soul! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o'er;
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the dear voice we loved so well!

J. G. Whittier.

424 *Beside the grave.* 6.6.4.

p Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

O Father! in that hour
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down;
cr Sustain us, Thou!

p By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod!
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
cr Aid us, O God!

p Tremblers beside the grave,
cr We call on Thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only thine!

Felicia D. Hemans.

425 *Funeral Hymn.* Irr.

m BROTHER, thou art gone before us; and thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear released,
dim Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

m The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er, and borne the heavy load;
cr But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach his blest abode:
Thou'rt sleeping now like Lazarus upon his father's breast,
dim Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

m Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt
thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the
Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
whom on earth thou lovedst best,
dim Where the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest.

m Earth to earth, and dust to dust, the
solemn priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee now, and
we seal thy narrow bed;
cr But thy spirit, brother, soars away among
the faithful blest,
dim Where the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest,

m And when the Lord shall summon us,
whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure
a welcome find!
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to
be a glorious guest,
dim Where the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest.

H. H. Milman.

426 *Farewell, Brother!* 8.7.

p FAREWELL, brother! deep and lowly
Rest thee on thy bed of clay.
Kindred saints and angels holy
Bore thy heavenward soul away.

Sad, we gave thee to that number
Laid in yonder icy halls,
Where, above thy peaceful slumber,
Many a shower of sorrow falls.

Hear our prayer, O God of glory,
Lowly breathed in sorrow's song;
Bleeding hearts lie bare before Thee,
Come in holy trust made strong.
cr Hark! a voice moves nearer, stronger,
From the shadowy land we dread:
f 'Mortals, upward! seek no longer
Those that live among the dead!'

p Farewell, brother! soon we meet thee
Where no cloud of sorrow rolls:
For glad tidings float, how sweetly!
From the glorious land of souls.
Death's cold gloom—it parts asunder:
Lo! the folding shades are gone.
cr Mourner, upward! yonder, yonder,
God's broad day comes pouring on!

E. H. Sears.

427 *Funeral Hymn.* L.M.

p FATHER! our brother's course is run,
And we bring home thy weary son;
No more he toils, no more he weeps,
dim And shall we mourn because he sleeps?

m O welcome in the morn, the road
That climbs to virtue's high abode;
But when descends the evening dew,
The inn of rest is welcome too.

cr Thou say'st to man, 'Arise; and run
Thy glorious race with yonder sun!'
dim But, when thy children need repose,
Their Father's hands the curtains close.

m What though, with eyes that yet can weep,
The sinner trembles into sleep!
cr Thou know'st he yet shall wake, and rise
To gaze on mercy's brightest skies.

p The fearful child, though still caressed,
Will tremble on his mother's breast;
m But he, she knows, is safe from ill,
Though, watched by love, he tremble still.

Lord! when our brother wakes, may they
Who watch beneath thy footstool say,
'Another wanderer is forgiven!
cr Another child is born in heaven.'

E. Elliott.

428 *Of such is the kingdom of God.* 7.7.4.

p Let no tears to-day be shed,
Holy is this narrow bed.
f Hallelujah!

p Death eternal life bestows,
Open heaven's portal throws.
f Hallelujah!

m And no peril waits at last
Him (*her*) who now away hath past.
Hallelujah!

m Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed of race well run;
f Hallelujah!

p But the pity of the Lord
Gives his child a full reward;
f Hallelujah!

m Grants the prize without the course;
f Crowns without the battle's force.
Hallelujah!

m God, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take his darling hence.
Hallelujah!

p Lord, when this sad life is done,
Join us to thy little one,
f Hallelujah!

m And in thine own tender love,
Bring us to the home above.
Hallelujah!

ari Missal, tr. R. F. Littledale.

429 *The children going.* 8.7.

p They are going,—only going:
Jesus called them long ago;
All the wintry time they're passing
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets, in the spring-time,
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going,—only going,—
When with summer earth is drest,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast;
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going, ever going,
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

m All along the mighty ages,
All adown the solemn time,
They have taken up their homeward
March to that serener clime,
cr Where the watching, waiting angels
Lead them from the shadow dim,
f To the brightness of his presence,
dim Who has called them unto Him.

p They are going—only going—
Out of pain and into bliss;
Out of sad and sinful weakness
cr Into perfect holiness.
m Snowy brows,—no care shall shade them;
Bright eyes,—tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips,—no time shall fade them:
p Jesus called them unto Him.

Little hearts for ever stainless;
Little hands as pure as they;
Little feet, by angels guided,
Never a forbidden way.

m BROTHER, the angels say,
Peace to thy heart;
We, too, O brother, have
Been as thou art,—
p Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed,
Seeing in part,
Tried, troubled, tempted,
Sustained, as thou art.

p Brother, they softly say,
Be our thoughts one;
Bend thou with us and pray,
'Thy will be done.'
m Our God is thy God;
He wills the best;
Trust as we trusted,
dim Rest as we rest.

m Ye, too, they gently say,
Shall angels be;
Ye, too, O brothers,
From earth be free;
Yet in earth's loved ones
Ye shall have part,
Bearing God's strength and love
To the torn heart.

p Thus when the spirit, tried,
Tempted and worn,
Finding no earthly aid,
Heavenward doth turn,

cr Come these sweet angel-tones
Falling like balm,
dim And on the troubled heart
Steals a deep calm.

433 *Why seek ye the living among the dead.* L.M.

p Ah! why should bitter tears be shed
In sorrow o'er the mounded sod,
cr When verily there are no dead
Of all the children of our God?

m They who are lost to outward sense
Have but flung off their robes of clay,
And, clothed in heavenly radiance,
Attend us on our lowly way.

And oft their spirits breathe in ours
The hope and strength and love of theirs,
Which bloom as bloom the early flowers
In breath of summer's viewless airs.

Let living Faith serenely pour
Her sunlight on our pathway dim,
And Death can have no terrors more;
But holy joy shall walk with him,

G. S. Burleigh.

434 *The call of the dead.* C.M.

m Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path that reaches heaven.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, *(him,)* O Father! in Thine arms,
And let her *(him)* henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her *(his)* mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her *(his)* dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

J. G. Whittier.

435 *The memory of the dead.* 6.7.

m O it is sweet to think
Of those that are departed,
p While whispered yearnings sink
To silence tender-hearted,
While tears that hath no pain
Are tranquilly distilling,
cr And the dead live again
In hearts that love is filling.

m Dear dead! they have become
Like guardian angels to us;
And distant heaven, like home,
Through them begins to woo us:
Love, that was earthly, wings
Its flight to holier places:
The dead are sacred things
That multiply our graces.

They whom we loved on earth
Attract us now to heaven;
Who shared our grief and mirth
Back to us now are given.
p They move with noiseless foot
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.

m O dearest dead! to heaven
With grudging sighs we gave you,
To Him,—be doubts forgiven!—
Who took you there to save you:
O for his grace to love
Your memories yet more kindly,
Pine for our homes above,
And trust to God more blindly!

F. W. Faber.

436 *Auld Lang Syne.* C.M.

p It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down:
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.

cr But, oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

m More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God for evermore!

J. W. Chadwick.

437 *My Dead.* C.M.

m I CANNOT think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of Life I tread,
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and here or there,
Are living unto Him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

F. L. Hosmer.

438 *Green pastures and still waters.* 8.7.

p CLEAR in memory's silent reaches
Lie the pastures I have seen,
Greener than the sun-lit spaces
Where the May has flung her green:
Needs no sun and needs no starlight
To illume these fields of mine,
For the glory of dead faces
Is the sun, the stars, that shine.

More than one I count my pastures
As my life-path groweth long;
By their quiet waters straying
Oft I lay me, and am strong.
And I call each by its giver,
And the dear names bring to them
cr Glory as from shining faces
In some New Jerusalem.

p Yet, O well I can remember,
Once I called my pastures, Pain,
And their waters were a torrent
Sweeping through my life amain!
m Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
Brightness of all Happy Thought,
Where I linger for a blessing
From my faces that are nought.

Nought? I fear not. If the Power
Maketh thus his pastures green,
Maketh thus his quiet waters,
Out of waste his heavens serene,
I can trust the mighty Shepherd
Loseth none He ever led;
Somewhere yet a greeting waits me
On the faces of my dead!

W. C. Gannett.

439 *All Saints.* 8.7.8.7.7.7.

m Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's Throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia, hark! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

m Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand?
Whence came all this glorious band?

f These are they who have contended
For the Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These who well the fight sustained,
Triumph with the Lamb have gained.

p These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
cr Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

m These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at his command:
f Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before his Face.

H. T. Schenck, tr. Frances E. Cox.

440 *Earth's nameless martyrs.* 8s.

m The kings of old have shrine and tomb
In many a minster's haughty gloom;
And green, along the ocean-side,
The mounds arise where heroes died;
But show me on thy flowery breast,
p Earth! where thy nameless martyrs rest!

The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
Resigned the bitter cup to take;
And silently, in fearless faith,
Have bowed their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, earth? by no proud stone
Their narrow cell of rest is known;
The still, sad glory of their name
Hallows no fountain unto fame;
No, not a tree the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lowly prayers.

m Yet what if no light footstep there,
In pilgrim-love and awe repair,
And the old woods and sounding waves
Are silent of those hidden graves?
dim They sleep in secret:—but their sod,
Unknown to man, *(cr)* is marked of God.

Felicia D. Hemans.

441 *Before the Throne.* 8.7.

p Hark the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
cr Alleluia! alleluia!
f Alleluia! Lord, to Thee!
Multitude which none can number,
Like the stars, in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

m Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, apostle, saint, and martyr,
Confessor, evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

f Unis Marching with thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation,—
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
dim Harm Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
cr And by death to life immortal
They were born, and glorified.

ff Unis Now they reign in heavenly glory:
Now they walk in golden light;
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
m Harm Love and peace they taste for ever;
cr And all truth and knowledge see
f In the beatific vision
Of the Father and of Thee.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.

442 *Our guides.* 6.4.

f All hail, God's angel, Truth!
In whose immortal youth
Fresh graces shine:
m To her sweet majesty,
Lord, help us bend the knee,
And all her beauty see,
And wealth divine.

f Thanks for the names that light
The path of Truth and Right
And Freedom's way:
For all whose life doth prove
The might of Faith, Hope, Love,
Thousands of hearts to move,
A power to-day!

m Thanks for the heart of Love,
Kin to thine own above,
Tender and brave;
Ready to bear the cross,
To suffer pain and loss,
And earthly good count dross,
In toils to save.

p May their dear memory be
True guide, O Lord, to Thee,
With saints of yore;
cr And may the work they wrought,
The truth of God they taught,
The good for man they sought,
f Spread evermore!

W. Newell.

443 *Thanks for All Saints.* S.M.

For all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And yearned for Thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
With Thee, Lord, in their view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this thy name we bless,
p And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

Bishop Mant.

444 *The stream of faith.* C.M.

m From heart to heart, from creed to creed,
The hidden river runs;
It quickens all the ages down,
It binds the sires to sons,—
The stream of Faith, whose source is God,
Whose sound, the sound of prayer,
Whose meadows are the holy lives
Upspringing everywhere.

How deep it flowed in olden time,
When men by it were strong
To dare the untrod wilderness,
Charmed on by river-song!
Where'er they passed by hill or shore,
They gave the song a voice,
Till all the craggy land had heard
The Father's Faith rejoice.

And still it moves, a broadening flood:
And fresher, fuller grows,
A sense as if the sea were near,
Towards which the river flows!
O Thou, who art the secret Source
That rises in each soul,
Thou art the Ocean too,—thy charm,
That ever deepening roll!

W. C. Gannett.

445 *All Saints.* 11.11.10.10.

f Sing with our might and uplift our glad voices;
Sing while the heart with thanksgiving rejoices;
Sing of all saints spreading goodness abroad,
Prophets and holy ones, sons of the Lord.

Thanks to the Lord for his prophets and sages
Thanks for the saints He hath raised in all ages,
Hark to their voices;—they utter One Name;
One Lord, one Brotherhood, one Hope proclaim.

p Often forsaken and outcast and friendless,
Wounded and dying in sufferings endless,
cr Bear they their witness or raise their high song,
m Fervent in faithfulness, patient and strong.

From age to age the glad tidings are spoken,
Shore calls to shore that the line is unbroken;
One holy army [illegible]

There cometh sun, there cometh cloud;
But, whate'er may befall,
We still will follow after Him
Who leads us through them all.

We'll cheer our hearts, as on we go,
With thoughts of those of old,
Who through their furnace-trials came
Refined like precious gold.
Like Jesus, they, too, stood for truth,
Though heretic with men;
Like Him, they triumphed, though they died,
And still they live again.

Not only in the far-off lands
And far-off times they wrought;
The modern world has heroes too
To lift its heart and thought.
These are the ones who dare to think;
And, spite of hostile wrath,
They, for the progress of mankind,
Hew out a grander path.

M. J. Savage.

m One feast, of holy days the crest,
Unbound by creeds, we love to keep;
All Saints,— *(dim)* the unknown good that rest
p In God's still memory folded deep;
m The bravely dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain, heroic breed,
That loved heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding street,
And stairs to sin and famine known,
Sing with the welcome of their feet;
The den they enter grows a shrine,
The grimy sash an oriel burns,
Their cup of water warms like wine,
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

Where love its arms hath opened wide,
dim Or man for man has calmly died,

m We see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head;
And in all lands beneath the sun
cr The heart affirmeth, 'Love is one.'

p Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to his cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

m And the great marvel of their death
To the one order witnesseth,—
Each, in his measure, but a part
Of thy unmeasured Over-Heart.

J. G. Whittier.

450 *Martyrs.* 7.6.

f Let our Choir new anthems raise,
Wake the song of gladness;
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the Martyrs' sadness:
Bright the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
dim As they laid the mortal down
cr To put on the immortal.

m Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Evil's best endeavour:
cr For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
f Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
m Who will venture on the strife?
f Blest who first begin it;
m Who will grasp the land of life?
ff Warriors, up and win it!

J. M. Neale.

451 *Martyrs.* 6.4.

f Their names are names of kings
Of heavenly line;
m The pride of earthly things
They dared resign.

f They bore the Spirit's sword
And faith's strong shield;
They fought for God the Lord
On many a field.

p Though hard their earthly lot,
'Mid hate and scorn,
In life regarded not,
In death forlorn;

m Yet blest that end of woe,
And those sad days;
Only man's blame below;
f Above, God's praise.

m So did the life of pain
f In glory cease;
p Lord God, may we attain
Their home of peace!

S. J. Stone.

452 *Litany.* 7.7.7.6.

FATHER! we would learn thy will;
Teach us, heavenly Father, still;
Fresh thy promises fulfil;
Hear our cry, dear Father.

Let us not stray out from Thee;
Clasp us to Thee lovingly;
Touch our eyes that we may see;
Hear our cry, dear Father.

Father, fill anew thy hand;
Spread thy gospel o'er the land;
Bid us in thy presence stand;
Hear our cry, dear Father.

Father, we would know Thee more;
Come! and hither on us pour
Riches from thy richest store;
Hear our cry, O Father.

Father! When thy Jesus spoke
Love, which all our fetters broke—
Love, which all our souls awoke,—
Hear our cry, O Father.

When He gently, meekly taught
Life must be with burdens fraught,
Must with shadows thick be wrought,—
Hear our cry, dear Father.

Lest the life, with joy beset,
Should thy chastening forget,
Should vaingloriously be met,—
Hear our cry, dear Father.

Lest, 'midst fond and glittering show,
We should slight our neighbours' woe,
Letting no compassion flow,—
Hear our cry, dear Father.

They who heard, and we who read,
Blessed the words thy Jesus said;
Straight to Him our steps were led;
Hear our cry, dear Father.

Yet as life's stern warfare rolls,
As the combat rends our souls,
As the dirge of dead hope tolls,
Hear our cry, dear Father.

As the burdened spirit fails,
As love breaks and guile assails,
As the star of rescue pales,
Hear our cry, dear Father.

Faint at times the message sounds,
Stifled, through the smart of wounds,
Lost, as dark dismay abounds;
Hear our cry, dear Father.

Faint! Ay, Father! Faint! It falls
Stifled, 'midst corruption's calls,
Lost, as wasted life appals;
Hear our cry, dear Father.

So, O God, with radiant light,
Reveal to us thy presence bright;
Change for day our piteous night;
Hear our cry, dear Father.

Heal us with thy graciousness;
Send thy dew to soothe and bless;
Succour us in our distress;
Hear our cry, dear Father.

Lo, O God, thy light hath come;
Seeking Thee hath brought us home;
Loosed are lips Thou had'st made dumb;
Thou hast heard us, Father.

Lo, O God, thy light doth shine ;
Searching we have seen the sign ;
On us streams thy Breath divine ;
Thou hast heard us, Father.

Jennett Humphreys.

453 *Litany.* 7.7.7.6.

Jesus spake, the Gentle Guide,
Like a voice o'er deserts cried,
Words by which we would abide ;
Let us hearken, Father.

Jesus said, Hear ! God is One,
God our Father, on his throne,
Dwelling in high heaven alone ;
Let us hearken, Father.

God is spirit, Jesus said ;
Be to Him in secret led ;
In thy closet bow thy head ;
Let us hearken, Father.

Love Him ; brethren, be not blind,
Be with love to Him inclined,
Soul, and heart, and strength, and mind ;
Let us hearken, Father.

'Thou art good !' the hearers cried ;
Call not Me good, then He sighed,
God is good, yea, none beside ;
Let us hearken, Father.

Say not ye this word is mine;
Know it is the word divine;
'Tis our Father's, mine and thine;
Let us hearken, Father.

Blessèd they who lend good ear
This eternal word to hear,
If they then will keep it clear;
Let us hearken, Father.

I the Father love; I will
In the spirit his laws fulfil;
Only can the letter kill;
Let us hearken, Father.

Would ye worship? Hearken ye:
Worship Him in spirit free,
And in truth, eternally;
Let us hearken, Father.

Give to Him all worship; He
Only must the worshipped be;
Serve Him ever righteously;'
Let us hearken, Father.

Courage, brethren, have no fear;
You, God's love will surely cheer;
'Tis his pleasure you draw near;
Let us hearken, Father.

Jennett Humphreys.

454 *Close of the year.* 8.7.

m Across the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting:
We deck thine house, O Lord, with light,
In solemn worship meeting:
And as the year's last hours go by,
cr We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more thy love entreating.

p Before thy mercy, Lord, we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
cr Recounting all thy mercies now,
dim And all our sins confessing;
cr Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in thy faith and fear,
And crown us with thy blessing.

p And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us;
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us:
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
cr To re-unite us all, at last,
And to our lost restore us.

m We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of thy mercies;
cr Thy wondrous goodness, love and power,
Our grateful song rehearses:
m For Thou hast been our Strength and Stay,
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

In many an hour, when fear and dread,
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy Providence hath found us:
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious Presence drawing nigh
dim Hath made all calm around us.

m Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
cr Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us:
dim Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
cr Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

J. Hamilton.

455 *Close of the year.* 10.4.10.6.

m ANOTHER year is swallowed by the sea
Of sunless waves!
Another year, thou past eternity!
Hath rolled o'er new-made graves.

They open yet, to bid the living weep
Where tears are vain:
While they, unswept into the ruthless deep
Storm-tried and sad, remain.

And we are spared in love to wear away
By noble deeds
Vile traces, left beneath the upbraiding spray
Of empty shells and weeds.

But there are things which time devoureth not—
Thoughts whose green youth
Flowers o'er the ashes of the unforgot,
And words whose fruit is truth.

Are ye not imaged in the eternal sea,
Things of to-day?
Deeds, which are harvest for eternity,
Ye cannot pass away!

456 *The New Year.* 7s.

m For thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
f Hear our song of thankfulness,
p Father and Redeemer, hear!

m In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way!

p Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head!

m Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own!
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown!

f So within thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings!
H. Downton.

457 *The New Year.* 7.5.

m FATHER, here we dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have us be:
p Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare we claim;
cr This alone shall be our prayer,
'Glorify thy Name.'

m Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify thy Name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys we yet partake;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may break;
f Thee our hearts, while glad they sing,
Shall in all proclaim,
And whate'er the future brings,
Glorify thy Name.

460 *New Year (or Anniversary) Hymn.* C.M.

m THE old year's long campaign is o'er,
Behold a new begun;
Not yet is closed the holy war,
Not yet the triumph won.
Not yet the end, not yet repose!
We hear our Captain say,
f 'Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day.'

m 'Go forth, firm faith on every heart,
Bright hope on every helm;
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o'erwhelm.
Go in the Spirit and the might
Of Him who led the way;
f Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day.'

m So forth we go to meet the strife
We will not fear nor fly;
We love the holy warrior's life,
His death we hope to die.
We slumber not, that charge in view,
'Toil on while toil ye may,
f Then night shall be no night to you,
Ye children of the day.'

p LORD GOD the High and Holy One,
Thine own sustain, defend;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end.

cr Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night be swept away,
f And infinite, sweet triumph crown
The children of the day.

S. J. Stone.

461 *The children.* 7.6.8.6.

m God bless the little children,
The faces sweet and fair,
The bright young eyes, so strangely wise,
The bonny silken hair.

God love the little children,—
The angels at the door;
The music sweet of little feet
That patter on the floor.

God help the little children,
Who cheer our saddest hours,
And shame our fears for future years,
And give us winter flowers.

God keep the little children
p Whom we no more can see;
Fled from their nest and gone to rest,
Where we desire to be.

J. P. Hopps.

462 *The little ones.* C.M.

m All hidden lie the future ways
Their little feet shall fare;
But holy thoughts within us stir
And rise on lips of prayer.

To us beneath the noonday heat,
Dust-stained and travel-worn,
How beautiful their robes of white,
The freshness of their morn!

Within us wakes the childlike heart,
Back rolls the tide of years;
The silent wells of memory start
And flow in happy tears.

O little ones, ye cannot know
The power with which ye plead,
Nor why, as on through life we go,
The little child doth lead.

F. L. Hosmer.

463 *Baptism.* C.M.

m In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thy brow,
And stamp thee his alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in his name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and his shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath his banner manfully,
Firm at thy post remain;

In token that thou, too, shalt tread
The path He travelled by;
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
cr And sit thee down on high;

m Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own;
And may the brow that wears his cross,
cr Hereafter share his crown!

Dean Alford.

464 *Baptism.* 8.7.

m HEAVENLY Shepherd, true and holy,
Hear, oh, hear us while we pray;
Let thy children, weak and lowly,
Be thy care in life's young day.

They are thine; do Thou befriend them;
Be the guardian of their way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend them;
Seek them when they go astray.

Young in years, they need the wisdom
Which can only come from Thee;
In the morn of their existence
Let them thy salvation see.

When temptation shall assail them,
When they falter by the way,
Let thine arm of strength protect them!
Father, hear us while we pray.

465 *The Good Shepherd.* 8,7.

m FATHER, who thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share,—

Thou, our little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know,—thy word believing,—
Only there, secure from harm.

Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be to sin a prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them in life's doubtful way;

Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place—
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

466 *Baptism.* 6.10.10.10.

m FATHER, our children keep!
p We know not what is coming on the earth;
Beneath the shadow of thy heavenly wing,
f O keep them, keep them, Thou who gav'st them birth.

m Father, draw nearer us!
Draw firmer round us thy protecting arm:
O clasp our children closer to thy side,
Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.

p Them in thy chambers hide;
O hide them and preserve them calm and safe,
When sin abounds, and errors flow abroad,
m And evil tempts, and human passions chafe.

O keep them undefiled!
Unspotted from a tempting world of sin;
That, clothed in white, through the bright city-gates,
They may with us in triumph enter in.

H. Bonar.

467 *Baptism* S.M.

m To Thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring;
Giving to Thee what Thou hast given,—
Our dearest offering.

p Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

m Oh, then, let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean!

J. F. Clarke.

468 *Baptism.* S.M.

m To Him who children blessed,
And suffered them to come,—
To Him who took them to his breast
We bring these children home.

To Thee, O God, whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that thy grace
May keep, thine arms enfold.

And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord,
To keep them pure as now!

J. F. Clarke.

469 *Baptism.*

m The very blossoms of our life,
The treasures that no wealth could buy,
We freely bring them here to-day
And give them up to Thee, Most High.

Not, as in olden times, to death,
To hermit life, or darksome days;
But unto beauty, goodness, truth,
To all high thoughts and noble ways.

To find and serve Thee in the world,
By seeking truth and helping men,—
To this we consecrate them now,
And day by day will o'er again.

m Thus do we keep them while we give,
And make them still of nobler worth.
When all the world is given thus,
cr Heaven will indeed have come on earth.

M. J. Savage.

470 *Baptism.* 7.4.

m STANDING forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
p Oh! we know not what of harm
May betide them;
'Neath the shadow of thy wing,
Father, hide them;
m Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

p When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Thou wilt hear them:
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them;
m 'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
Thou wilt steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

Unto Thee we give them up,
Lord, receive them;
p In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them—
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them:
m Trustful, in thy hands of love
We must leave them.

W. C. Bryant.

Give to us all heavenly knowledge,
Fill us with thy holy fear;
With hushed spirits, yet as children,
For thy blessing we draw near.

Set thy holy seal upon us,
Write upon us thy new name;
Guide us wheresoe'er Christ leadeth,
Undefiled and free from blame.

Steadfast to the end enduring,
May we win the blest reward,
Even an abundant entrance
To the kingdom of our Lord.

Esther A. Wigglesworth.

To hear thy cheering call,
cr When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

Emily Taylor.

473 *One in Christ.* **C.M.**

m A HOLY air is breathing round,—
A fragrance from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.

O God! unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine;
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not Thee or thine;

But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord.

So may thy kingdom come, with grace
In every heart of man;
cr Thy peace and joy and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign!

m The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
cr The perfect power of holiness,
The omnipotence of Love.

A. A. Livermore.

474 *The bond of love.* C.M.

p BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
m His new commandment Jesus gives,—
His blessèd word of love.

O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
p Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

m Then, Jesus, be thy Spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

S. Longfellow.

475 *Holy Communion.* C.M.

p 'No, not for these alone I pray!'
The dying Master said;
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head;

Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round Him hung,
His words of love to hear.

No, not for these alone, He prayed;
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling-place.

m Sweet is the thought, when thus we meet
His feast of love to share;
And 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
d' m The memory of his prayer!

Emily Taylor.

476 *Holy Communion.* C.M.

m We gather to the sacred board,
Perchance a scanty band;
f But with us in sublime accord
What mighty armies stand!

m In creed and rite howe'er apart,
One Master still we own,
And pour the worship of the heart
Before our Father's throne.

m A thousand spires o'er hill and vale
Point to the same blue heaven ;
f A thousand voices tell the tale
Of grace through Jesus given.

High choirs, in Europe's ancient fanes,
Praise Him for man who died ;
And o'er the boundless Western plains
His name is glorified.

p Around his tomb, on Salem's height,
Greek and Armenian bend ;
And through all Lapland's months of night
The peasants' hymns ascend.

m Are we not brethren ? Master dear !
Then may we walk in love,
f Joint subjects of thy kingdom here,
Joint heirs of bliss above !

S. G. Bulfinch.

477 *Communion Hymn.* C.M.

p 'REMEMBER me,' the Master said,
On that forsaken night,
When from his side the nearest fled,
And death was close in sight.

m Through all the following ages' track,
The world remembers yet ;
With love and worship gazes back,
And never can forget.

p But none of us has seen his face,
Or heard the words He said;
And none can now his looks retrace
In breaking of the bread.

m Oh, blest are they who have not seen,
And yet believe Him still!
They know Him, when his praise they mean,
And when they do his will.

We hear his word along our way;
We see his light above;
Remember when we strive and pray,
Remember when we love.

N. L. Frothingham.

478 *Marriage.* 7.6.

m O Love divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light;
p O Love divine and gentle,
The blesser and the blest!
Beneath whose care parental
The world lies down in rest.

f The fields of earth adore Thee,
The forests sing thy praise,
All living things before Thee
Their holiest anthems raise:

Thou art the joy of gladness;
The Life of life Thou art;
p The dew of gentle sadness,
That droppeth on the heart.

O Love divine and tender,
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love,
m A throne without thy blessing,
Were labour without rest,
And cottages possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

f God bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they, through life, go on:
m Here, in earth's home, preparing
For the bright Home above;
And there, for ever sharing
Its joy, where 'God is love.'

J. S. B. Monsell.

479 *Marriage Hymn.* 7s.

m FATHER, in thy presence now
Has been pledged the nuptial vow;
Heart to heart, as hand in hand,
Linked in one thy children stand.

God of love, this union bless,
With earth's purest happiness;
With those joys whose heavenly spring
Shall diviner raptures bring.

May these blended souls be found
Firm in duty's active round;
Daily every burden share,
Nightly seek thy shadowing care.

p When against their trembling forms
Shoot the arrows of life's storms;
Or when age or sickness waits
Herald at life's parting gates;

cr In the fulness of belief,
May they look beyond the grief;
m And together fearless tread
In the path where Thou shalt lead.

480 *Ordination Hymn.* C.M.

m O God, thy children, gathered here,
Thy blessing now we wait;
Thy servants, girded for their work,
Stand at the temple's gate.

A holy purpose in their hearts
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from their childhood's Nazareth
They come to do thy will.

O Father, keep their souls alive
To every hope of good;
And may their lives of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood.

O Father, keep their spirits quick
To every form of wrong;
And in the ear of sin and self
May their rebukes be strong.

f This church we dedicate to Light,—
To Light of Truth and Light of Love,
To Hope, to Faith, to Prayer, to Right,
To man on earth, to God above.

m As shines the lighthouse by the sea
To guide the sailor on his way,
So may this church a beacon be
To light man onward toward the day.

J. T. Sunderland.

483 *All things are thine.* L.M.

m ALL things are thine: no gift have we,
Lord of all gifts! to offer Thee;
And hence with grateful hearts to-day,
p Thy own before thy feet we lay.

m Thy will was in the builders' thought;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan,
f Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

m No lack thy perfect fulness knew;
From human needs and longings grew
This house of prayer, this home of rest
In the fair garden of the West.

p In weakness and in want we call
On Thee for whom the heavens are small;
m Thy glory is thy children's good,
Thy joy thy tender Fatherhood.

p O Father! deign these walls to bless;
m Fill with thy love their emptiness:
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to Thee!

J. G. Whittier.

484 *Harvest Thanksgiving.* 8.4.

m LORD of the harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crowned;
cr Our thanks we pay
This holy day;
O let our hearts in tune be found!

m If Spring doth wake the song of mirth;
If Summer warm the fruitful earth;
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain;
cr Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

m But chiefly when thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
cr When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
f We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we thy common bounties share.

Lord of the harvest! all is thine!
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound!
New, every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound!

485 *Harvest Festival.* 7.6.

Lord of the silent winter,—
Beneath whose skies of gray
The frost-bound fields lie cheerless,
But wait a brighter day:
If human hearts are dreary,
By mists of sorrow chilled,
Give patience to the weary,
Till they with peace be filled!

Lord of the joyous spring-time,—
When leaves and buds appear,
And lengthening days of beauty
Renew the softened year:
Breathe on our hearts in blessing;
Away our sadness roll;
And send, all pain redressing,
A spring-time to the soul!

Lord of the glowing summer,—
When waves the corn on high,
And fruits in valleys ripen
Beneath a cloudless sky:

Shine on our hearts' endeavour
To give our strength to Thee,
That in our spirits ever
A richer life may be!

Lord of the bounteous autumn,—
When vineyards yield their store,
And golden sheaves, new-gathered,
Pass to the garner door:
Grant now a full fruition
To every seed of truth,
Which fell, with blessed mission,
Upon our souls in youth!

Lord of the changing seasons!
Lord of our passing days!
Wake Thou in us abundance
Of duty, love, and praise:
That hearts of wintry sadness
May feel the breath of spring,
And summer's time of gladness
The autumn glories bring!

D. Agate.

486 *The year of the Lord.* 7s.

f Praise to God and thanksgiving!
Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing!
Praises to the Glorious One,
All his year of wonder done!

Praise Him for his budding green,
April's resurrection-scene:
Praise Him for his shining hours,
Starring all the land with flowers:

Praise Him for his summer rain,
Feeding, day and night, the grain:
Praise Him for his tiny seed,
Holding all his world shall need!

Praise Him for his garden root,
Meadow grass and orchard fruit;
Praise for hills and valleys broad,—
Each the Table of the Lord!

Praise Him now for snowy rest,
Falling soft on Nature's breast:
Praise for happy dreams of birth
Brooding in the quiet earth!

f For his year of wonder done,
Praise to the All-Glorious One!
Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing
Praise and love and thanksgiving!

W. C. Gannett.

487 *Harvest Hymn.* 7s.

f Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter-storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
f Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

m We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;

First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
p Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

m For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home!
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
p Give his Angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
cr But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

f Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
cr Come, ten thousand Angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

Dean Alford.

488 *Thanksgiving in harvest.* **7.6.**

m We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's Almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
p And soft refreshing rain.

f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
ff Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

m He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
ff Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

m We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
p Our humble, thankful hearts.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
ff Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

M. Claudius, tr. Jane M. Campbell,

489 *Harvest.* C.M.

m We own thy hand, O God, in all
The wide-spread harvest-yield,
The loving kindness that has crowned
Our garden and our field.
We bless Thee for our sheltered homes,
With their affections true,
With all their wealth of social joy,
And scope thy work to do;

For all that tends to spirit-growth
And larger liberty,
Anoints our eyes to clearer sight,
And holds us nearer Thee;
For all that makes thy comfort dear,
That brings us strength and grace,
And aids us, e'en through clouds, to see
The shining of thy face.

We bless Thee for the tiny feet
That walk beside us here;
For childhood's merry music sweet,
Its trust that knows no fear;
p And for the little ones who stayed
Within our homes awhile,
And left with us the angel-grace
Of parting word and smile.

Not for our pain,—our breaking hearts,—
O God! we *cannot* bring
Our thanks for these, but, over all,
The shadow of thy wing.

Thou hast not left our souls alone;
In ways unknown, unsought,
Thy love sustaining power hath shown,
Its nameless comfort brought.

That they have lived, we thank Thee, Lord,
That they are still our own;
And thin the veil that hides from us
The glory round them thrown,—
The glory of thy gift and grace,
That now, with clasping hand,
We walk within, and see thy face
And *need not understand.*

That not afar doth lie their home,
Nor ever change their love!
Our Father's mansions hold us all,
Though seeming to remove.
Thanks for our sweet home-gatherings, Lord,
Our cup that runneth o'er;
For the communion of thy saints
We bless Thee even more.

We bless Thee for our faith and hope,
The promise Thou hast given,
And for the glorious Harvest Home
That waits for us in heaven.
For Him who came that home to point,
To lead the living way,—
The child in Bethlehem's manger born,—
We thank Thee most to-day.

Mary Johnson.

490 *In time of dearth.* 7s.

m Thou that sendest sun and rain,
Ruling over land and sea!
May we ne'er of Thee complain,
Whatsoe'er our lot may be.

Whether sun or rain in turn
Ripen or destroy the grain,
May we still this lesson learn,
Ne'er to murmur or complain.

p Fewer flocks or fewer herds,
Scanty though our store may be,
cr Still we seem to hear thy words,—
'Trust, ye faithful, trust in Me.'

m All we have we know is thine,
Thine to give and take away;
Feed us then with food divine,
Feed us this and every day.

Thus, as changeful seasons bring
Wealth or want, whiche'er it be,
cr Uncomplaining still we'll sing,
f Simply trusting all to Thee.

G. Thring.

491 *Flower Service.* 11.10.

m Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
Bloom from the garden and flowers from the field, [carest
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou
More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

p Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace,
Comfort the sad who in weakness are lying,
Grant the departing a gentle release.

Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened,
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom:
Give of thy grace to the souls Thou hast quickened
cr Gladness for sorrow and brightness for gloom.

p We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;
We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
Gather us, Lord, to thy bosom for ever—
Grant us a place in thy house in the sky.

A. G. W. Blunt.

492 *For those at sea.* 8.7.8.4.

m Star of peace to wanderers weary!
Bright the beams that smile on me:
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
dim Far, far at sea.

m Star of hope! gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for thee:
p Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

cr Star of faith! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
dim Far, far at sea.

m Star divine! O safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

J. Cross.

493 *parting.* L.M.

p 'Tis thus we press the hand and part,
Thus have we bid farewell again;
cr Yet still we commune, heart with heart,
m Linked by a never-broken chain.

f Still one in life and one in death,
One in our hope of rest above;
One in our joy, our trust, our faith,
One in each other's faithful love.

p Yet must we part, and parting, weep;
What else has earth for us in store?
These farewell pangs, how sharp and deep;
These farewell words, how sad and sore.

f Yet shall we meet again in peace,
To sing the song of festal joy,
Where none shall bid our gladness cease,
And none our fellowship destroy.

Where none shall beckon us away,
Nor bid our festival be done;
Our meeting-time the eternal day,
Our meeting-place the eternal throne.

Then, hand in hand, firm linked at last,
And, heart to heart, enfolded all,
We'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why we wept at all.

m Then let us press the hand and part,
The dearly loved, the fondly loving,
Still, still in spirit and in heart,
The undivided, unremoving.

H. Bonar.

494 *Farewell service.* 6.6.8.4.

m With the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go;
Peace, as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

p With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
m Our brethren to thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!

p With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell:
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

f With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee:
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their help shalt be.

m Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

p Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
f Till He whose home is ours above
Unite us there!

G. Watson.

495 *Our country.* 6.4.

f God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By thy great might!

m For her our prayers shall be,
Our fathers' God, to Thee,
On Thee we wait!
f Be her walls Holiness;
Her rulers, Righteousness;
Her officers be Peace;
God save the State.

m Lord of all truth and right,
In whom alone is might,
On Thee we call!
cr Give us prosperity;
Give us true liberty;
May all the oppressed go free;
f God save us all!

Amen.

496 *National Hymn.* L.M.

f PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land;
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, bold, and free.

Praise to our God; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast;
m Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

Praise to our God; the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

f Praise to our God; his power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

p Praise to our God, who still forbears,
Who still this guilty nation spares;
Who calls us still to seek his face,
And lengthens out our day of grace.

Praise to our God; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn;
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide his heritage!

J. Ellerton.

Unwearied He is working still,
Unspent his blessings fall,
Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,
The only Lord of all.

S. Longfellow.

501 8.7.8.7.7.7.

m Father, now the day is over,
As the sun sinks in the west,
Ere the night creep slowly round us,
Ere soft slumber be our guest,
cr Let us bless Thee that to-day,
Thou, O God, hast been our stay.

m Lord, we need no earthly temple,
For, where we thy love have found,
All thy humblest creatures teach us
Where we are is holy ground:
Lord, we need no holier place
Than where we thy love can trace.

f For the birds and flowers we thank Thee,
For each song and perfume sweet,
For the faith that dare address Thee,
For the love that may Thee greet;
Most, that we for every gift
May our souls to Thee uplift.

In the world's long harmony ;
For each striving human soul
Which is part of thy great whole.

For each gift thou hast withholden
From our foolish, grasping hands ;
For each pang which quick has chidden
Every breach of thy commands ;
For the weariness and pain
Which Thou hast not sent in vain.

Pour thy Spirit, Lord, upon us,
Guard us in unconscious sleep ;
Be that Spirit ever with us
While death-slumbers o'er us creep ;
And, our life's long journey past,
We are safe with Thee at last !

E. B.

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